THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLII. No. 1079 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1951 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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The Cart Before the Horse

IT is not very long since the publication in a Sunday newspaper of a much-discussed cartoon showing a city street in which a group of children are examining the word "Peece" chalked on the pavement. The caption ran "Mum, Cyril's wrote a wicked word." Peace is no longer a wicked word. To-day on this side of the Iron Curtain, as always on the other, every move of diplomacy or strategy is justified by its sponsors as a way of preventing war, rather than of successfully prosecuting it.

Mr. Churchill, President Truman and Mr. Acheson have all been saying their pieces this week; and a stranger from another planet, judging them at their face value, would be struck by their unwearying benevolence to the human race and their expressed determination to dare anything which would enable the nations to live together in amity. Yet the anxious, disillusioned and sceptical citizens of this world have uppermost in their minds that the talk of peace is doing nothing to limit the preparation for war and that the deeds behind the talk look very much like the preliminary massing of two great hostile forces.

To check or divert the drift towards world war in 1953 or 1954 requires a determination to work and bargain for peace, going far beyond the false slogans of the diplomatic copywriters. It requires a recognition on both sides of the Iron Curtain that there can be no successful outcome of a major war and that every move must be judged by whether it reduces tension and contributes something towards the establishment of a *modus vivendi* based on a practical acknowledgment by each side of the legitimate problems and fears confronting the other.

President Truman's broadcast, in spite of the "reasonable" tones in which his appeal for disarmament was couched, gives little ground for supposing that the Americans contemplate any form of negotiation which involves giving as well as taking. Moreover, the reputed Acheson plan to give the Assembly power to recommend military sanctions, when action by the Security Council is vetoed, specifically undermines Article 27 of the Charter and will certainly confirm the Soviet belief that the U.S. is using its majority vote as a policy instrument against legitimate Soviet interests. This fear may be exaggerated. But its very existence underlines the essential difficulty which the U.N. is facing. In conditions of cold war the Soviet Union cannot be expected to place its trust in a Washington-dominated U.N. without the sheet anchor of the veto. Any serious attempt, therefore, to return to the vision of San Francisco, presupposes an end, or at least a limitation, of the cold war. Mr. Churchill and President Truman both recognise this in form. Unfortunately none of the various Anglo-American proposals in detail ever do anything to bring it about.

With the increased tension which has been built up during the summer, such relatively lesser matters as an Austrian treaty or a settlement in Korea look less easy to attain than they did a few weeks ago. Yet both are high on the list of obstacles which each side must desire to clear; and both would present few difficulties once there was the slightest prospect of genuine negotiations. The less concrete of known American demands—a census of arms, the cessation of fifth-column activities, respect for the integrity of Yugoslavia and the South-east Asian states—are all practically meaningless in present conditions. But they are legitimate objectives, and all might well be achieved as the climax to a process of successful bargaining over the vital points of difference.

All the American "conditions" for peace in fact put the cart before the horse. None of them is likely to be achieved while the cold war continues in its present totality. None are both important enough and sufficiently concrete to give either side the confidence to end it. Yet, as Mr. Churchill appeared to acknowledge in his speech to the House last Tuesday, the end of the cold war must be achieved if peace is to mean anything other than the preparation for war. The Western *démarche*, taken in conjunction with feverish preparations for atomic war, bears all the impression of being precisely the prostitution of peace for propaganda purposes which has been rightly condemned when it has been undertaken by the Soviet Union. What then are the bargaining points which, successfully used, would really break the ice? The two most important are the question of Peking's admission to the U.N. and the conditions for abandoning the rearming of Western Germany, which the Soviet Union, with some justification, regards as an intolerable threat; indeed, no great stretch of imagination is required to envisage it as equally a grave potential threat to Britain and the rest of Europe.

We have never suggested that the Western Powers should yield over Germany—for better or worse their strongest bargaining point—without return. But we do suggest that it should be specifically cited as a matter for negotiation. Soviet policy over the past year endorses our

belief that the Kremlin is prepared to pay a fair price to remove this menace. Indeed, Herr Grotewohl's recent approaches to Bonn go far to meet the legitimate claims of the Western Powers on Germany. It is nonsensical to treat them as propaganda without the most serious and constructive efforts to bring a free and united Germany into being. That will only be possible on condition that the new Germany acquires its sovereign status without prior military commitment to either side. West German rearmament is as much at the heart of tension in Europe as is the position of China in the Far East. Unless a bargain is struck we believe that war in the West is almost inevitable. Once agreement on this vital issue were reached, a reduction of pressure on Yugoslavia, an Austrian Treaty, and even some degree of real disarmament would become reasonable prospects.

Until and unless the Western Powers are prepared to couch their proposals in the form of unequivocal offers to negotiate settlements on the real issues which are at the root of the East-West conflict, no amount of oratory from Mr. Churchill or President Truman can conceal the fact that their appeals for peace will be treated as weapons in the cold war rather than the articles of its liquidation.

The Tory Programme

In the King's Speech there was an unmistakable sound of the clanking of the Tories' chains—the narrow majority in the House and the knowledge that every characteristically Conservative measure is bound to provoke opposition, particularly from the industrial side of the Labour movement. The Iron and Steel Act is, indeed, to be repealed; but the Bill is not to be introduced until after the lengthy winter Recess, and restoration of free enterprise is to be qualified by "an adequate measure of public supervision." Even the road hauliers are to get no more than a measure to "facilitate the extension of private activities"—presumably by modifying the C Licence rules. Beyond a guarded reference to "flexibility" in nationalised industries, there is no hint of any intention to carry out Tory plans for decentralising the Coal Board, and the possibility of reducing controls is merely to be "reviewed."

For the rest, a significantly cold reference to the social services ("ensuring efficiency and providing value for money") contrasts, as was to be expected, with Churchillian emphasis on the prime importance of rearmament. The Home Guard is to be re-established—presumably to make good deficiencies in the Civil Defence organisation and, conceivably, as a useful instrument in the event of industrial trouble—and "the necessary measures" are to be taken to strengthen British resources both in trained men and equipment.

At the same time, however, efforts are to be concentrated on dealing with the problem of inflation, which the Government regards as "overshadowing all other domestic matters," and with the growing gap in the balance of overseas payments. Mr. Churchill would have us believe that, on taking office, he and his colleagues were horrified to discover this unexpected skeleton in the cupboard. In fact, the White Paper published at the beginning of October had shown clearly that in the third quarter of this year our balance had dramatically deteriorated and that the sterling area's net deficit was then running at the annual rate of over $2,500 a year. Mr. Gaitskell had repeatedly stressed the gravity of the outlook. Thus it is no matter for surprise that there should now be an urgent need for the "drastic action" which the King's Speech foreshadowed.

The nature of this action was adumbrated by Mr. Butler in his speech on Wednesday.

The main items were drastic import cuts on less essential goods, including food; import licensing for paper, plywood, oils and many manufactures; a reduced tourist allowance; an increase of a half per cent. in the Bank Rate, and—significantly—higher interest on advances to local authorities.

On the adequacy of these measures, which contrast oddly with Tory promises of the "expansive economy" guaranteed by free enterprise, we shall have occasion to comment more fully next week. Here we would observe—and we believe that this will be the chief reaction in the country—that the logic of this approach to the programme is topsy-turvy. The reality of the situation is not, as the King's Speech states, that inflation "threatens the maintenance of our Defence programme" but that excessive rearmament—not merely ours but the much greater preparations in the U.S.—is creating pressures under which the British economy is foundering. It is not difficult to draw the moral; but, with Mr. Churchill as Defence Minister, the Chancellor cannot draw it.

Re-deploying Manpower

The vague promise in the King's Speech that the Government will review the possibilities "of ensuring the best use of the existing labour force" was preceded by a speech delivered by the new Minister of Labour, Sir Walter Monckton, last Saturday to the British Employers' Federation. He spoke of the 400,000 vacancies which the employment exchanges have been unable to fill, and of the need for a further 175,000 workers in armaments factories as a consequence of the Defence programme. He gave no hint (nor did the King's Speech) of any intention to re-enact the Control of Engagement Order, but he emphasised the need for more economical use of the limited supply of manpower by means of higher efficiency and, above all, improved training of both manual workers and supervisors.

Most of this is familiar talk: previous Ministers have said the same thing over and over again. The only real change is the great emphasis laid by Sir Walter on the training of supervisors. As practised in the U.S., this has meant to an increasing extent in the big mass-production concerns the manning of supervisory posts by technical college graduates rather than by promotion from the workshop floor. In this country such a development would encounter strong working-class opposition, unless it were combined with real opportunities for rank-and-file workers to acquire the higher training—as is contemplated to some extent in the Coal Board's "ladder plan."

On the wider issue, how more manpower is to be provided for rearmament and the export trades, Sir Walter has to face the fact that, under present conditions, no large redistribution of labour is likely unless workers are offered, by the prospect of higher earnings, a strong incentive to move. Unless Mr. Butler applies a dose of deflation so stiff that labour is squeezed out of the consumer industries—at the politically embarrassing cost of damping down rules for maintaining law and order, cut to effective re-deployment.

The truth is that the labour shortage is a direct outcome of the attempt to pile on to the British economy a burden of rearmament which it cannot bear without severe damage both to its export prospects and the industries providing for domestic consumption. The notion that the problem can be solved by increasing productivity misses out the point that this increase would call for a large increase in machinery and would thus involve a further strain on the machine-making industry already overburdened by the demand for rearmament.

General Election in India

The first General Election on the basis of universal adult franchise in India began on October 25, when men and women in the hilly districts of Himachal Pradesh, bordering on Tibet, cast their votes for the House of the People and the State Legislative Assembly. The last voters will go to the polls—in the United Provinces—next February. The Election Commission, appointed by the President, has laid down rules for maintaining law and order, trained officials and put through a vast printing programme for India's 175 million voters. They distributed election symbols to the contesting parties which will be pasted inside and outside all ballot booths. Two yoked bulls represent the Congress; the Socialists' symbol is a spreading tree, and ears of corn and a sickle stand for the Communists. On the extreme Right, the Hindu Mahasabha offers nothing but communalism. On the Left, the Communists, changing their programme as often as they change their leaders are in a dove-like mood offering a united front of the Left. Congress itself has many advantages; it won Independence, it has a nation-wide machinery, and above all, its leader is still Pandit Nehru who has just presented the Five-Year Plan. The Socialists, who are contesting about 80 per cent. of the seats, have put forward a Socialist programme. Other contesting groups are satellites of these main Parties in this General Election which may lead to some crystallisation in Indian political life. In the next Parliament, the Socialists are likely to emerge as a constructive opposition to the Congress Government.

Shooting in Morocco

French and French-commanded police opened machine-gun fire on Moroccan demonstrators last week in Casablanca, killing six people and wounding about fifty. "These riots," commented a spokesman for General Guillaume, the Resident-General, "were obviously inspired by extremists and terrorists." Returning from Paris the next day, General Guillaume was apparently very satisfied that 200 Moroccans were under lock and key, and declared himself ready to adopt strong measures. It all sounds quite simple and

straightforward. But appearances are deceptive. For the motive of the crowds in Casablanca was to demonstrate their will to achieve Moroccan self-government; and the "extremists and terrorists" were in fact the party of Istiqlal, or Moroccan Independence, enjoying the support of Moroccans of all kinds and classes, from the lowliest in the land right up to the Sultan himself. The lesson is not likely to be lost on the Americans: their military airbases near Casablanca had to be given additional protection during the "riots." Unless Uncle Sam is to find his bases in Morocco much less safe from disturbance than is convenient in such matters, he will have to moderate the ferocious attitudes which the French Administration is now striking. But can he do this without weakening still further an already wavering French belief in the benevolence of American intentions? A nasty dilemma.

Railway Wages

The Railway Tribunal has been considering the N.U.R. claim for an all-round wage increase of ten per cent. The claim is based upon three facts. First, the rising cost of living, which has run a long way ahead of the new wage rates which came into effect in January of this year. Secondly, the growing disparity between railway wages and those offered in other jobs. The third follows from this. There is a steady drift of men away from the railways, and new recruits are not being attracted in numbers large enough to keep the staff at a level sufficient to handle all the available traffic. As Mr. Figgins, the general secretary of the N.U.R., pointed out to the Tribunal, the Railways Executive have changed their ground. Previously "it was because they could not earn the revenue that they could not increase the wages. Now we have reached the stage which we predicted, that they would not have the staff to earn the revenue."

This, indeed, is the crux of the matter. The N.U.R has persuaded its members to put off the forty-hour week, to give up one week's holiday, to accept over-age, more female and some Italian workers, in the hope that sufficient traffic could thus be handled to permit a generous offer from the Railways Executive. But the offer so far made does not come near the claim, and once again the railwaymen are becoming restive, with the prospect of stoppages and the withdrawal of the concessions in the coming months. The Executive's offer, moreover, once again sought to play off the three unions and the different grades against each other. Their proposals, in short, can only be regarded as niggling and disruptive, and will do almost nothing to attract or retain men in the lower grades especially, who are urgently needed for maintenance and operation. The Tribunal now proposes an 8 per cent. increase. It remains to be seen whether this will be enough to avoid large-scale stoppages or at least to keep the railway labour force at the strength needed to meet the demands that rearmament and the fuel crisis will make on it this winter.

Eisenhower and Harriman

The journeys of General Eisenhower and Mr. Harriman are at least as important to Western policy as the public and more propagandist statements of the President and Mr. Acheson. Although the communiqué issued after the Truman-Eisenhower meeting was vague, it is clear enough that the President and the General have agreed to modify the present plans for the N.A.T.O. Army which Eisenhower commands. The original project aimed at a force of some fifty divisions by the end of 1953. But progress has been slow: the combined European and American units on the Continent to-day total no more than fifteen combat divisions, and there is still no prospect of a European Army strong enough to permit the intended withdrawal of Americans after 1952.

The old timetable has thus to be abandoned, and the two men in Washington have had to agree upon a new one to replace it. First, they have had to recognise that neither the pace nor the scale of European rearmament even approaches the earlier estimates. The manpower has not been found for the new divisions, nor are there enough American or European arms to equip levies on the scale first intended. Secondly, even the limited diversion of manpower, coupled with the growing burden of arms expenditure, is already throwing an almost unbearable strain upon the British and French economies. It has taken the Americans some time to understand this, for they found it most unpalatable to concede that Mr. Bevan may have been right; but now that General Eisenhower has concluded that the N.A.T.O. plan is unworkable, they have decided to be realistic and revise it.

The new target seems to be the formation of a striking force of between twenty-five and thirty divisions within the next eighteen months. In place of an inchoate and ill-armed army, General Eisenhower would seemingly prefer a tighter, well-trained and properly equipped force, in which the tactical atomic weapons now developed might be a substitute for numbers. The contrast, perhaps, is between a hastily mobilised Territorial Army and an effective professional élite. In any case, it is the most that he is likely to get.

Economic as much as military arguments seem to have induced this change of plan, and Washington may learn even more about the precarious state of Western Europe from Mr. Harriman's mission. It is his task to strike some kind of balance between strategic and economic security; and he will certainly return from Paris and London to report that both capitals urgently require large subsidies if even the revised N.A.T.O. programme is to be carried out. From his hurried talks with Mr. Churchill and other Tory Ministers, he will have carried away a gloomy picture of a shrinking dollar reserve, a soaring deficit in Britain's balance of payments and rising inflationary pressures.

The problem that Mr. Harriman faces already, and that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden must also face when they make their expected visit to Washington, is how to persuade Congress to make further large grants to Britain, and how to ensure that funds are not earmarked solely for direct military purposes. Mr. Harriman has just been put in charge of the new Mutual Security Administration, for which Congress provided $7.3 billions, five-sixths of it specifically allocated to military aid and requiring counterpart expenditure on arms by those countries which receive it. Can some of that money now be diverted to the economic assistance that Britain needs and, most important, can any emergency advances be made to meet Britain's immediate crisis?

Congress, undoubtedly, will be more willing to subsidise Mr. Churchill than Mr. Attlee. American opinion is now well aware that the new Tory Government must try to maintain both social welfare and rearmament; and though it may require some token attack upon the Welfare State from Mr. Butler, it will grudgingly admit Mr. Churchill's dilemma and seek to accommodate him. But how much, and upon what political terms? Will there be, for instance, a new British loan, given on condition that repayment of the old one is begun on time this winter?

The U.N. in Paris

Our Paris correspondent writes: How long will the Sixth Assembly last—four months, six months? No one can yet say, and the provisional agenda gives no clear indication of how things will go. There is an uncomfortable feeling here that the Americans have come in a "fighting mood," and that much of the Assembly's time will be taken up in propaganda manœuvres, while immediate concrete problems are sidestepped. The question widely asked at the moment is whether highly controversial schemes like "strengthening the authority of the United Nations," or a vague disarmament scheme, with little chance of immediate practical success, will produce any reduction in East-West tension. Would it not be infinitely more useful, it is asked, first to seek real *détente* between East and West by reaching a number of limited but tangible agreements—for example, on Germany and the status of China?

At the closing session on Monday of the Fifth Assembly, the Russians insisted that the question of China's representation be taken up immediately and spoke scornfully of the special U.N. Committee that had been set up a year ago to deal with this question, but had still failed to make any recommendations. The Russian motion was defeated by 20 votes to 11, with 11 abstaining—among them Britain and France. Sir Gladwyn Jebb, however, admitted that it was "a most important problem," thereby giving some support to the Russian view that the U.N. is completely lop-sided as long as the five hundred million Chinese are not represented.

President Auriol's opening speech on Tuesday attracted attention chiefly for the implicit invitation it contained to Stalin, Churchill and Truman to come to Paris. Whether the present "climate" at the Palais de Chaillot is the most suitable for a meeting of this kind is questionable. There is a little too much talk about a "show-down in 1953"; and, on the U.N. bookstall, *Collier's* weekly with its story of the U.N.'s atomic victory over the U.S.S.R. is now on sale to the delegates.

Schuman, Acheson and Eden have had numerous private talks; but Vyshinsky was carefully excluded from them. A U.N. investigation of the possibility of holding free elections throughout Germany—a Western proposal that is a follow-up of a proposal by Adenauer—is now on the cards; but the disarmament of Germany is not even mentioned in this connection. Instead, there is some talk of the "integration" of the whole of Germany in the West—including her military integration. There will no doubt be fur flying about all this.

The impression at the moment is that while Mr. Eden is anxious to achieve some limited but concrete results at this U.S. Assembly which would genuinely relieve East-West tension, the Americans are striving rather for tactical and propaganda victories.

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Firm Hand in Egypt?

THE Third Division—its advanced units carried in aircraft carriers for the sake of greater speed—is en route from this country to Egypt. With a suitable flourish, the Guards have been flown in from Cyrenaica, the Paratroopers from Cyprus. By this week-end Mr. Churchill will have deployed a massive army of some 80,000 men in full battle order along the Suez Canal. It will be very nearly as formidable as the force the Labour Government sent to Palestine in 1947 to enforce on the Jews a respect for our Mandatory power.

The task of General Erskine, however, is very much less warlike than that assigned to General Barker. Palestine is a tiny and closely populated country and we were confronted by a well-trained and well-organised Jewish Resistance Movement, which could rely on the support of a highly educated, courageous and united people. To hold Palestine down Britain had to stamp out Jewish resistance.

In Egypt, on the other hand, our soldiers have no one to fight. They occupy a Zone, separated by a wide desert from Cairo and the Nile Valley, and inhabited only by native workmen and shopkeepers, who depend on the British Army and the Canal traffic for their livelihood. As for the Egyptian Army, most of it is cut off North-East of the Canal on the desert mountains of the Israeli frontier, and depends for its supplies on the generosity of the British authorities. In any case no one respects its fighting quality since it was demonstrated in the Palestine war. Moreover, the Egyptian people are ill equipped for Resistance work, since they have achieved neither nationhood nor freedom. The vast majority of them, either half-starved fellaheen or slum proletariat, live in indescribable conditions of disease, poverty and ignorance. On their backs sits what must be the sleekest and corruptest plutocracy in the whole world. Of the dynamic necessity for a Resistance Movement against the foreign intruder there is not as yet any convincing evidence. In this moribund body politic, the Moslem Brotherhood, a loose organisation of fanatical religious nationalists, can stir up mob demonstrations at will; it can assassinate politicians who appease the British. But it can scarcely organise sustained resistance.

Mr. Churchill may well hold that if there is one country where a whiff of grapeshot might induce capitulation, that country is Egypt; that if there is one people with whom we can be tough without outraging the conscience of the United Nations Assembly, that people is the Egyptians. Even the U.S., which was so cold and distant towards us in our dispute with Persia, finds it possible to support our determination to defend, if necessary by force, our treaty rights in the Suez area. Here is the golden opportunity for Mr. Churchill to carry out his pledge to "make Great Britain great again."

The temptation to brandish the largest possible Union Jack in the face of the Egyptians is obvious. But whatever feelings we may entertain about Egyptian politicians, we should not forget two things. In the first place, although they cannot drive the British Army out by force, they can compel us to carry for much longer than we like an arduous and dangerous military commitment, which we can ill afford. The thousands of soldiers we are pouring into the Zone must be maintained under the most difficult conditions. Up till now, in maintaining the Suez base, we have always been able to rely on a huge Egyptian labour force as hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is Egyptians who have guarded arms dumps, unloaded ships, and done the menial tasks. If, by needlessly exacerbating Egyptian feelings in order to achieve a prestige victory, we provoke a blockade and institute a counter-blockade, our Army may have to maintain itself under siege conditions for months, conditions imposed not by the Egyptian Army but by the withholding of Egyptian labour.

In the second place, we should do well to remember that right and law are by no means all on our side. On literally scores of occasions successive British Governments have solemnly assured the Egyptians of our determination (ultimately) to withdraw our troops. The most recent of such assurances was given by Mr. Attlee in May, 1946, when, before Lord Stansgate's negotiations for a new treaty had even begun, he announced that the Government had "proposed the withdrawal of all British naval, military and air forces from Egyptian territory, and to settle (*sic*) in negotiation the stages and date of completion of this withdrawal and the arrangements to be made by the Egyptian Government to make possible mutual assistance in time of war or imminent threat of war in accordance with the alliance."

It is, of course, true that at this time Mr. Bevin was confident that he could, within a few months, establish an alternative base at Gaza, after he had forced the Jews to accept their status as citizens of an Arab State. Only when this plan failed, did Mr. Bevin fall back on Suez as our Middle Eastern base. But, from the Egyptian point of view, Britain's failure to assist the Arabs in the Palestine war, and so to make possible the removal of the base from Suez, was a "dastardly betrayal." For some fifty years Britain has been on the point of getting out of Egypt and continually finding excellent new reasons for postponing her departure. Moreover, if the Egyptians have violated international law by tearing up the treaty, Britain has never been scrupulous in fulfilling its conditions. Even before the recent reinforcements began to arrive, the number of troops we maintained in the Suez area was about five times the total permitted under the treaty, and their cantonments and air-strips stretched far outside the limits of the Canal Zone.

It may be argued that these are minor points, which should not be raised when the whole defence of the Middle East against Russian aggression is at stake. But to any Egyptian they are points of substance, particularly when Britain is standing on her rights under the treaty. We have every right to be firm: and to call the bluff of the Wafd leaders, whose synthetic indignation is almost certainly motivated by the urgent need to cover up certain political malpractices which, even by Egyptian standards, are regarded as scandalous. But it is neither right not prudent to pretend that Egypt has not got a case or to suggest that, even if she has, it must be brushed aside owing to the exigencies of cold war strategy.

Here we reach the nub of the problem. Ever since 1945, the Chiefs of Staff have been arguing where our Middle East base should be located. After the Palestine debacle had ruled out Gaza, it was first proposed to withdraw to Kenya, and large sums were expended in developing McKinnon Road. Next the military eye fell on the Jebal area of Cyrenaica, until it was realised that water without labour is almost as useless as labour without water. Most recently, owing to our improved relations with Israel, and the increased importance of Turkey in American defence plans, attention reverted to Gaza.

This chronic indecision was due to the recognition that a base in hostile territory has its drawbacks. What is the use of holding the Suez by *force majeure*, when the whole Arab world is seething with xenophobia and regards the presence of British troops as the symbol of a hated imperialism? The Middle East can only be defended if its peoples are ready to *defend themselves*, with some assistance from the Western Powers. At present, they are not. Indeed, they regard Britain and France, the present occupiers, as the main enemies and, as soon as the Americans align themselves firmly beside us, they, too, will share the hatred.

The fact is that in Egypt, as in Persia, the Labour Government missed the historic opportunity for statesmanship. That opportunity came in 1946 when Mr. Attlee gave the Indian sub-continent independence, though he knew full well that the new India might leave the Commonwealth. That was the moment for an offer to the Arab world—to withdraw British occupation troops, to transfer oil production to national ownership and to internationalise both the Suez Canal and the Suez base. If we had voluntarily dismantled our imperialism, the Middle East would be collaborating with us to-day—alongside India and Pakistan.

Such an international solution is scarcely possible under the pressures of the cold war and after five years of indecision which have whipped up the forces of nationalism. If the proposed Middle Eastern defence plan is forced upon a humiliated Egypt—as it probably can be—every Arab will rightly feel that the British Empire has merely been replaced by an Anglo-American condominium. The ruling cliques may submit; but the dynamic of national and social revolution will only have been temporarily suppressed.

The pointer to the correct policy was given this week by Mr. Nehru. He at least made it clear that he will not be an accomplice in the brow-beating of Egypt; and Pakistan is taking a similar line. Their support is essential to a successful solution, and it can only be won if we are prepared to hand the Sudan over to a United Nations trusteeship and permit the Suez Canal and the Suez base to be administered directly by the United Nations and defended by special United Nations forces. The risks this involves are a great deal less than an attempt to shore up British imperial strategy with American dollars and to occupy the Suez base with a British army reinforced by a battalion or two from Australia and New Zealand and levies of Greek and Turkish troops.

The War We Do Not Want

THE current issue of *Collier's*, one of America's famous "glossies," is devoted to a "Pre-view of the War We Do Not Want." It contains 132 pages, many star writers and coloured pictures; its cover shows an American M.P. of the Occupation Forces against a map of conquered Russia. According to *Time* this is a "journalistic stunt" which has increased *Collier's* printing order from 3,400,000 to 3,900,000 and "almost doubled its usual sale of advertising." If journalism is a business like any other to be judged purely by its dollar results, this latest publicity stunt may presumably be regarded as a success.

Those of us who live in Europe, and who are therefore likely to die a violent death in the course of this anticipated war, cannot be expected to consider only the dollar aspect of such a publication. *Time* comments that it is "as a pious afterthought," that *Collier's* adds that it does not think the war it glamourises is "inevitable." No psychological expert is needed to deduce from the title or from other pious embellishments of the general theme that one of the main functions of this issue of *Collier's* is to remove from the minds of Americans the guilt feeling that has haunted them ever since the unannounced use of the atomic bomb over Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Readers who might otherwise be horrified by these lurid pictures of Washington on fire and of the vast mushroom arising from atomised Kremlin are assured that Russia "began it" by dropping atomic bombs indiscriminately on Western cities (just as the Americans did in 1945 on Japan) and that in retaliation the Americans were careful only to bomb strategic centres and military targets! Lest any conscience should still be troubled, *Collier's* urges that the war will not be fought against the Russian people but against the tyrants who control the U.S.S.R. The outcome of the war is an American victory which liberates tens of millions of Communist slaves, thus enabling the Russian people and the people of the Western world to join together and set up, in the words of Walter Winchell's article, "a lasting peace—a great golden age."

It is the assumption that this time a World War really will end war, coupled with the soothing evasion of all reality about the war itself that makes this type of commercial propaganda so nauseating. It is because no man of intelligence and experience believes that the war or the peace would be or could be in the least like this that we so much regret that people of the distinction of Edward R. Murrow, J. B. Priestley, Stuart Chase and Walter Reuther should allow themselves to be associated with it. None of these men can really approve of propaganda which tells the American people that, apart from the unfortunate bombing of a few big towns by the Russians, nothing much will happen in the war except the destruction of the Kremlin by America, the miraculous wiping out of Communism and the speedy creation of a Brave New World in Russia where the starved millions from Russian camps quickly form themselves into political parties, turn the Soviet Union into a modern political democracy and at once begin to form themselves into dramatic societies where exciting new plays are written and produced! The possibility that the result of the world war will be universal chaos or, equally likely, universal Communism, is not even considered.

It seems that the world has stood still during this marvellous war. As soon as it is over America will turn its attention to rebuilding Russia. Nothing is said of the reconstruction of other towns like London and Paris which, some of the writers suggest, may also be destroyed. We are not told what has happened to the 500 million people of China, who have also presumably been liberated from Communism. Nothing is said about the racial upheaval of Africa or the revolutions that would be touched off by war in all the six Continents.

The effect of this fairy story in Russia must be to confirm the view that America intends to make war. On the minds of its Western readers, the effect is to suggest that war is almost certain; that it may involve America in some unfortunate loss of life, but no national disaster; that it will miraculously end the menace of Communism and result in a new world democracy. In short, it suggests that war will be wilfully made by a few wicked Communists and that their destruction will be the prelude to the Millennium. Can it really be that the illusion, so naive and natural in 1914, that this one more war will end war, and that peace and good will can be obtained by military victory, is being deliberately fostered to-day in the United States? Are there still people who believe that Communism would be defeated if the Kremlin were blown up? Have they still not learnt the lesson that war, capitalism, and Communism have their roots deep in society and human nature? The answer is that we all know these things, and that in our more thoughtful moments we do not need to be told, as H. G. Wells once put it, that "you cannot shoot the square root of minus one." But this issue of *Collier's* is not devised to be soberly considered by people in a thoughtful mood.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

AT what point will the more thoughtful and courageous Roman Catholics, many of whom hold responsible positions in the world, rebel against the sheer immorality of the Pope's pronouncement about marriage and birth control? On his effort to prevent a midwife ever ending the life of an unborn child, even if the mother's life is at stake, an adequate comment seems to be that of Alderman Griffin, who asked the Chairman of the Nottingham Health Committee if he was aware of the "alarm being spread among working-class families at the possibility of any of the surgical staffs following the Pope's edict?"

Many Councils are confronted with the same dilemma. An even worse difficulty faces many thousands of Catholic families, who have so far managed with some degree of success to limit and space their families by relying on charts —often supplied by Catholic doctors—indicating the so-called "safe period." This loophole for sensible living was clearly a way of getting round the stern logic of Catholic doctrine, which is that it is sinful to seek pleasure in the sexual act while avoiding the responsibility of parenthood, if God so wills. In stating that the deliberate limitation of intercourse to the "safe period" is sinful, His Holiness has at last closed that loophole.

* * *

Many people express bewilderment about Mr. Churchill's Cabinet. To me it suggests the following comments. First, in an emergency situation, Mr. Churchill very naturally wants some of his old war buddies with him; General Ismay, Lord Cherwell and Lord Leathers are all ready to discuss new crises in terms of old-time comradeship round the fire when Mr. Churchill is most awake and most other people have gone to bed. Secondly, he has excluded Chamberlainites—not excepting such experienced old-time Front Benchers as Walter Elliot and Bob Hudson. The one significant exception is Mr. Butler who is chosen primarily, I suppose, for the same reason that Mr. Churchill gave important home posts to Mr. Attlee and other Labour leaders during the war. He wants to secure his rear from partisan warfare while he is personally concentrating on Defence and foreign policy. So he pushes out the Tory toughs from the controversial positions and chooses those who will not outrage the Right-wing of the Labour Party.

* * *

I am sure Mr. Churchill honestly feels that he has been defamed by electoral accusations of war-mongery. In some constituencies, of course, there may have been Labour supporters who used this weapon to counter the Tory whispering campaign that Nye Bevan was a Communist, but if they did so it was scarcely necessary, for Mr. Churchill's reputation, good and bad, is already that of a man of war. This idea does not need any planting in people's minds; Mr. Churchill's whole career and character has put it there already. I heard an old lady, during the election, say that Mr. Churchill was a dangerous man. Didn't I remember how he had called out the Guards in the Sydney Street affair? Much more common are recollections of his using troops in the General Strike, and, of course, far more important, of the war of intervention against Russia after the first world war.

* * *

If evening papers indulged in irony, I should suppose that the *Star* was pulling our legs when it entitled its leading article on the King's Speech "Churchill Touch," and it proceeded as follows:—

> "My Government view with grave concern the economic situation, about which a full disclosure must be made. . . . Measures must include drastic action to reduce growing inflation . . .
>
> "My Government regard this problem as overshadowing all other domestic matters. They are giving it urgent examination and will announce their conclusions and make proposals to Parliament in the immediate future. . . ."

Rarely indeed can a King's Speech have been couched in such vigorous and uncompromising phrases. Here is the Churchillian touch to match the urgency of the crisis.

Poor Mr. Churchill! What has he done to deserve this!

Life would be comparatively easy if we only had to deal with the lunatic fringe—a phrase which I always take to mean the wildly impractical enthusiasts. More difficult are the hard core of the ludicrously, bafflingly ignorant. It is still common to meet people who shake their heads and say: "I'd like to vote Labour, but what's the good? Labour hasn't got the money." Again, one constantly meets the angry complaint that Labour M.P.s voted themselves £1,000 a year, and what do they do with it? Impossible to explain that M.P.s of all parties agreed on raising their salaries and that by the time a Member has paid income tax and necessary expenses, he is no better off than an artisan in an armaments factory. When I think how often I have heard this complaint I can see that Mr. Churchill's Cabinet may have made some impression by the very simple decision to cut £1,000 a year off their salaries, and to give up the personal use of Departmental motor cars. The truth, of course, is that the Conservative Ministers (I think without exception) have substantial, and often large, incomes already, so that these cuts make almost no difference to them. If you already arrive, as several Cabinet Ministers do, at the House of Commons in your own Rolls-Royce or Daimler, driven by your own chauffeur, you are not worried by giving up the office car, and if you have an income of £10,000, your cut of £1,000 means, when you have taken income and surtax into account, no more than giving up the price of a few cases of whiskey.

* * *

I was puzzled the other day in a railway carriage conversation with a keen (but curiously confused) Labour supporter to observe his indignation over the Labour opposition to last week's election of Mr. Speaker Morrison. It was all, he suggested, a conspiracy by Mr. Bevan. When I pointed out that on the contrary, according to press reports, Mr. Bevan had advised against this move, he remained darkly and knowingly sceptical. It was a minute or two later that I found the clue. "After all," he said, "Herbert has done well by the party and the country. If he wants to be Speaker and the Tories are willing to let him, it isn't for our own people to stab him in the back."

* * *

"Revolutionary Plot in Indonesia" was the headline in one of the daily papers recently; the story followed with a reference to a "foreign-supported underground movement" which "had planned to assassinate President Sukarno and overthrow the Indonesian Government" and "the arrest of about 15,000 people during recent security actions." This sounded a very serious affair, and I met one newspaper editor on his way to cable to his Indonesian correspondent asking why he was late with so sensational a story. I learnt on making inquiries that this frightening headline referred to action taken by the Indonesian Government last August, and been almost overlooked in the British press at that time. It was on August 16 that the Attorney General issued warrants for the arrest of sixteen M.P.s, eight newspaper men and two Ministry of Labour officials who were suspected of participation in a Communist plot. The fact is that the situation in West Java has recently improved; the withdrawal of the Dutch troops three months before combined with signs of the breaking up of the fanatical Muslim group—Dar-ul-Islam—makes political progress again possible. It is in this very area that new economic development plans are on foot.

* * *

It is not, after all, so many years since a Chicago election could be run on keeping "King George's Snout" out of America. By history and tradition the Americans hate Royalty. But how they love Royal Personages! So the Princess and the Duke, after the tumultuous enthusiasm of their own people in Canada, are gracefully welcomed by the President as a "wonderful young couple"; whoever "the temporary occupants of the White House are," next time the Princess and Duke are passing that way will they please call in again and bring their lovely children with them? This homely language could not be bettered; it reveals on the top level, as it were, one of the very best of all American qualities—the free, easy, hospitable way that Americans welcome into their homes people of all kinds whether they have titles or not.

CRITIC

SPOILING THE EGYPTIANS

Old Nahas Pasha (may his bribe increase!)
Rudely disturbing Occupation peace,
Warned Britain from the fragrant Suez Zone,
Where Egypt, he decreed, should reign alone.
Since to the mad delight of all Islam,
The British lion, kicked by the Persian lamb,
On the Iranian oilfield loosed his hold.
Exceeding joy made Nahas Pasha bold
To abrogate by unilateral act,
The Treaty and the Condominium pact.
Great Britain's Cairo envoy at the news,
In no uncertain terms conveyed her views.
"My Government," he cried, "feels much annoyed.
Your violation is judged null and void.
We recognise no insolent decree
That hampers our defensive strategy,
But will retain an Occupation force
Both at the Nile Delta, and its source
(For though elsewhere we may appease Malan,
Our stand is firm respecting the Sudan)
In Suez and Khartoum we will sit tight,
Resolved to exercise our Treaty right,
And while its terms are grossly disobeyed,
We order sanctions and an arms blockade."
Old Nahas Pasha from the presence crept,
And in his palace anxious vigil kept,
When suddenly a courier stood by,
Bearing a Note from Britain's Embassy,
Who with a kindly smile placed in his hand
The blueprint of the Middle East Command,
In which the fame of Egypt was increased
As co-defender of the Middle East;
For there, among Great Powers of the West,
Lo, Nahas Pasha's name led all the rest.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

If poverty and oppression continue to be the lot of Asiatic peoples, they bring it on themselves by indulging in costly and wicked passions like the hatred of foreigners.—*Tablet* (N. K.).

My wife and I are not prudes, but we avoid each other's eyes and switch off in nine cases out of ten when plays are being broadcast.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (Eileen Pollard.)

Farm workers are not allowed, by law, to work on their employers' farms during their annual holiday period, but they can go to work for neighbouring farmers if they wish.—*Evening Standard*. (T. W. Glew.)

Several hundred cuttings, pictures of Tyrone Power, would exchange for quantity of wool or lady's ring.—Advt. in *Exchange and Mart*. (D. G. Jones.)

Bute Town

"WHATEVER else you do," she said, "you mustn't call it 'Tiger Bay.' That name's dead, and we don't want to hear it any more, especially from strangers." Eighty years old, she has lived here all her life, in a terraced house that would be equally appropriate in Wigan or Workington, one of several hundred Welsh and English girls who married coloured men and came to live in this strip of land that was once called Tiger Bay and is now known as Bute Town.

Bute Town juts out southwards from Cardiff; its boundaries are the docks and the Taff Vale railway, the canal and the Bristol Channel; and a low iron railway bridge separates it from the city. South of the railway bridge everything changes . . . accents and language and the colour of the skin. Passing under the bridge is like a sudden crossing to a different continent; for in Bute Town most people are coloured. The only people in Cardiff whose business is ever likely to take them to Bute Town are those who work on the docks or in the shipping offices, moving down by trolley-bus, or in their expensive cars which lie parked during the day in the roads off the south end of Bute Street. Those who live in the terraced cottages of Bute Town are unlikely to have any business in the city; their livelihood also depends on the docks and shipping—as coastal sailors, or keepers of sailors' lodging houses, or dockyard workers, or warehouse janitors. Sometimes they go into Cardiff to the pictures; for Bute Town, which has public houses and churches and chapels, has no cinema. But very few of its citizens actually work beyond the railway bridge; and the reason, they tell you, is the Colour Bar.

You can find, it is said, fifty nationalities in this small area, a mile long by half a mile wide, but there are about a dozen which count numerically, and of these the most important are the Arabs, Somalis, West Indians, and West Africans. These live at the north end of the district, in a cluster of streets spreading out from Loudoun Square, once the home of prosperous ship owners, whose dignified terraces, now mainly seamen's lodging-houses, look out over a children's playground which is about the only open space in Bute Town. The coloured population of the district lives its self-contained life in this small cluster of a dozen streets, separated by several blocks from its European neighbours—Spaniards, Norwegians, and so on. In this group of streets about three-quarters of the population is coloured, and most of those who are not coloured are the wives of coloured men. Accurate statistics are never possible in a community where people are constantly shifting (as in all dock areas), but six thousand would be an acceptable guess at the current population of Bute Town. The problem here, therefore, is that of a self-contained coloured minority, living on the fringe of a great commercial city, and separated from it with a completeness which is not found anywhere else in Britain. And these coloured people depend on White business men for their employment.

Is there a Colour Bar in Cardiff? Perhaps its actual existence is sociologically less important than a belief in its existence, and most of the coloured people in Cardiff undoubtedly believe

in it. This makes the task of an objective investigator particularly hard: if a White and a coloured man apply together for a job and the White man gets it, then most people are content with such proof. I was told (by a White man) about a coloured girl who applied for a job in a Cardiff store; two White girls applied with her and one of them was given the job, so the story goes, in the face of the coloured girl's superior qualifications. When she knew she had failed, she asked the employer why this was; she was handed a mirror and told to look into it. The name of the girl was given to me, and I sought her out and asked her to confirm the story. This she would not do. "It's quite true," she said, "but it didn't happen to me. It happened to Doris So-and-So." A couple of days later I was told the same story, this time by a West Indian, and again I was given a different name for the girl.

The story may or may not be true; what is certainly true is that many shop-keepers are unwilling to employ coloured assistants. "The trouble," a chemist told me, "is that my customers wouldn't like it, whatever my own views might be. Can you imagine a woman buying a lipstick from a Negress?" This, I fancy, is a fairly common attitude—it is, of course, the argument used by those hotel keepers all over Britain who refuse to take coloured guests: coloured people are bad for business. And a recent survey in Cardiff disclosed that of a small sample of employers who were questioned, 60 per cent. had never employed coloured labour, and of those a further 50 per cent. said they never would. In my own experience here, employers are violent in their protestations that they personally have no colour prejudice; if they do not employ coloured labour, their reasons are purely those of business . . . and then they go on to maintain that the White applicant for a post is usually better qualified than the coloured. Which may well be true.

And socially? I have met many coloured girls here in Bute Town who tell me that they are continually snubbed by White boys at dances. Again, I think this is entirely credible, though it probably means no more than that to a White boy a White girl is more attractive than a coloured one. But I have seen a group of business men leave the bar of a public house in Bute Town when a coloured man entered: one wonders how far it was an isolated case. The coloured population would say it was a common occurrence; the Whites that I must have been mistaken. Of greater significance is the experience of the coloured curate who failed to find lodgings for himself and his White wife, and had in the end to seek a parish elsewhere. And a memorandum on the problem of Bute Town which was published before the war by the League of Coloured Peoples contains these words:

> Church attendance is denied one family, whose father and brown children are not welcomed. . . . Unfortunately, the sentiment of the city is to reject and restrict the half-castes. A Cardiff public official is accused of calling for legislation to put a stop to the breeding of such children.

At present there is little, if any, unemployment in Bute Town—a factor which must be set against all these arguments. But the people of the district maintain that coloured men always lose their job before White men, whenever jobs must be lost. And on the evidence of the inter-war years there would seem to be a good deal of truth in this: the plight of coloured seamen in British ports in the 1920s and 1930s was something which reflected little credit on the ship-owners, the Government, or (let us face it) the unions and the Labour Party—anyone who troubles to read *Hansard* for 1934 and 1935 will discover some curious comments by some Labour Members. Indeed it would seem to be an accepted tradition that, whenever a slump hits shipping, the coloured men must be the first to suffer, the distinction of their colour being more significant than the equality of their British citizenship. In 1936, for instance, eighty-five per cent. of the unemployed seamen in Cardiff were coloured. The failure of the unions to protest effectively at this is responsible for the common sentiment in Bute Town even to-day that "We've always been victimised by the unions." The coloured seamen here also remember that terrible period when they—British subjects too—had their passports removed: they were obliged to accept Aliens Cards and register with the police. Memories are long in places like this, and no wonder.

It is a curious paradox that the very people who protest most loudly at the Colour Bar are also those who plead most passionately that Bute Town is a normal, healthy community where nothing unusual ever happens. They, anyway, are those who boost their Rugby and cricket teams, and draw the visitor's attention to their very fine Community Centre—pointing out emphatically that the area is no longer a place of violence and sudden death, and ignoring the recent assassination of a member of the Arab hierarchy. They may well be right; I doubt if the Bute Street "cafés" are quite the dens of vice which the tradition of Tiger Bay has made them. As far as crime and vice are concerned, Bute Town to-day probably is neither better nor worse than the dock quarter of any other British seaport.

Of more significance is the political attitude here. I was interested, though not surprised, by the large local circulation of the *Daily Worker* and the presence, in the front rooms of terraced houses, of Marxist handbooks. But of course one should expect this. To the man who accepts Lenin and Stalin on Imperialism the Colour Bar is not only comprehensible but inevitable. And yet I think it is only the colonial aspect of Communist policy which attracts him; he may accept the rest of the policy without serious reflection, but his main reason for being a Communist is that all the other parties—and also the unions—have done nothing to help him, that elsewhere in the Commonwealth there are sinister developments for coloured people, and that the Soviet Union (so he is told) is the only country which treats all races on a basis of equality.

In Britain we do not normally regard the Colour Bar as one of our domestic problems. Cardiff is exceptional. The citizen of Cardiff with progressive opinions is aware of Bute Town as a problem, aware that it is a better place than it was, but still not good enough, aware of its absence of open spaces, its dingy houses and, above all, of the resentment that lies bottled up in the area bounded by the canal, the docks, and the railway bridge. He also knows—like the American liberal, but unlike most of us in Britain—that the Colour Bar is too complex a thing to be removed by a mental decision not to think in terms of it.

I do not believe myself that the resentment which lies in Bute Town could ever be cured in less than several generations; but I am not sure, either, that a serious attempt has ever been made to tackle it properly, because to most of us outside this city it is a problem which does not exist. We can read in our daily and weekly papers about the activities of Dr. Malan, and even about certain awful manifestations from across the Atlantic, but in Cardiff, in democratic Britain . . . surely it cannot be true? And if we feel that way, there is no reason why most of us should ever change our minds. It all depends on the value we attach to six thousand of our fellow citizens whom we shall probably never meet.

Cardiff. GEORGE LEATHER

The Libyan Scene

II.—Tripolitania's Two Nations

Tripoli is a Mediterranean city with an Arabic and semi-desert interior. By 1939, the antithesis had acquired an ethnic character; the Italians brought Mediterranean techniques, pushing the Arabs out of the town and more cultivatable areas, without being able to effect any decisive changes in the Arab mode of life, or to raise its general level as a preliminary to assimilating it. Their failure was made obvious after the Italian defeat, when the "interior" surged back into the town from the old city and the still more squalid slums which grew up on its outskirts. There is hardly an Italian here who is not nostalgic for pre-war days, as he scowls at the Bedouin invasion of the city, the ragged, verminous barefoot throngs who crowd the main streets formerly forbidden to them, sitting and lying on the pavements, sleeping, begging, arguing, or driving their camels, goats and donkeys through the traffic. Yet the Italian policy of keeping the Arab in his place was an admission of failure.

As the projected "Libyanisation" of political and economic life proceeds, with Libyan Ministers and administrators in the Government, and Libyan merchants entering large-scale trade, ethnic and social stratification no longer coincide; but the gap between city and interior remains as large as ever, and the city, already too large for its hinterland, continues to grow and demand support. The gap cannot, in most cases, be closed by levelling down; living standards for the "Mediterranean strata," Italian or Arab, are as low as their needs and efficiency will allow. The highest salary paid to Libyans in Government service is £22 per month, in posts like chief accountant, afforestation officer, or magistrate. Clerks and experienced schoolteachers earn from a half to three-quarters of this, while chauffeurs, mechanics and electricians draw from £5 to £11 per month, with the cost of living no lower than it is in England. Yet these incomes are incomparably higher than those of the Bedouin, settled cultivators, or chronically under-employed labourers and petty traders, whose total income seldom reaches £10 per year.

While Tripoli enjoys its telephones, air transport and printing press, three-quarters of the population live a few days' journey away, still hardly affected by the town, or aware of the political ferment there. Some rapid measure of levelling up is necessary if the independent State envisaged by the U.N. is to emerge; but at present the Government is almost exclusively concerned with its constitutional problems, leaving others to exploit the political potentialities of the "gap."

Unlike that of Cyrenaica, the Government here has remained reasonably free from nepotism and autocracy. Power was handed over in March this year to a Government rather than an individual, and British administrative influence is still very strong. The presence of the U.N. delegation across the road in the Grand Hotel is also felt more here than in Benghazi. However much Adrian Pelt, the Commissioner, may publicly disclaim responsibility for the procedure of the Administering Powers, his personality and the prestige of U.N. have a salutary effect.

The provisional all-Libyan Government has begun to take over its powers, piecemeal, from the three Provincial Governments—Tripolitania, Cyrenaica and the Fezzan—and from the Administering Powers, Britain and France. It now exercises effective internal sovereignty. The Prime Minister, Mahmud Bey Muntasser, has

proved himself a man of rare integrity and patriotism, but devoid of political experience and acumen. When his constitutional sub-committee proudly announce that the new provisional Libyan constitution is the best in the world, they are not trying to be funny; it all seems credible in the well-appointed Government offices on the sea-front, and the problems of the interior are ignored. "The U.N. will provide."

Now a Western-style constitution with popular sovereignty, such as Libya is adopting, implies, among other things, a party system. While Muntasser and his colleagues are busy in Tripoli, the Opposition Party, the National Congress, is rousing the country with a campaign of downright xenophobia. Its organiser, Beshir Bey Sa'adawi, a former political adviser to King Ibn Sa'ud, was a leading member of the Tripolitanian Government grouping, until he broke with them early in 1950. After a trip to Cairo for consultation with Azzam Pasha, he returned with a simple policy of "Get rid of the foreigners and everything will be all right"—a slogan which has paid dividends in the past to leaders dealing with far more sophisticated bodies politic than the Libyan.

Since xenophobia is bound to be exploited by ambitious politicians in any country at Libya's stage of development, it is a little unfortunate that British political circles here were not better prepared to meet it. So far, there has been no serious attempt to counter Beshir's campaign, either by the Government, its British advisers, or the Residency, which for a long time underestimated the strength of Beshir's following. With backgrounds like the Sudan Civil Service, the British here have always tended to think of Libyan problems in terms of administration and finance, while propaganda or political activity never seemed quite pukka. Furthermore, their tendency to glamourise the Bedouin and his loyalty to the Emir led them to under-estimate the potentialities of an all-out electioneering campaign.

Yet the Government and the British have some excellent propaganda points to hand. Tripolitania imports twice as much as it exports, even at its present low levels of consumption, and its imports consist mainly of food and consumers' goods. Only a long-term programme of agricultural and general economic development can alter this balance, and meanwhile the difference is made good by the British Treasury "grant-in-aid" and by British and American military expenditure. The army, with its large Ordnance workshops, employs more skilled workers than the rest of the economy put together. At present, the Americans are enlarging Wheelus Field, just outside Tripoli, which has become a major link in their air network linking the Atlantic with the Persian Gulf. Their engineers have been spending local currency on materials, labour and personal expenditure at the rate of over a million dollars a month, making Tripolitania a net dollar earner. The Libyan budget deficit is estimated at £2,000,000 yearly, excluding British salaries, and this is being met by the Treasury.

However much foreign aid is forthcoming, economic development for Libya is a long-term business, needing steadiness and continuity. Tree-planting, education and training schemes will need a generation before their results begin to show, and will involve considerable social adjustments, changes in land tenure, habits of regular work, and the formation of a proletariat. Development is not automatic, and considerable guidance will be needed to prevent the emergence of a "new rich," as in Egypt and Syria. Unfortunately Beshir, who has no constructive policies to offer, may be strong enough to prevent such developments, with eventual chaos and a new "Libyan Question" arising in a few years.

The strength of anti-foreign feeling among the younger generation of Arabs, who can show themselves quite thoughtful on many issues, is the measure of efforts which the Western Powers will have to undertake if they do not wish to be faced by a sudden storm, to which force can be no real answer, only a virtual admission of failure. Here in Libya, many of Britain's chickens are coming home to roost, from the invasion of Egypt in 1882 to the 1948 Bevin-Sforza Plan for giving Tripolitania to Italy. British responsibility for the present autocracy in Cyrenaica is taken for granted by everyone here; and, though everyone disapproves of it, the Government has been "diplomatic" about it—leaving Beshir to make political capital.

With so many young people conscious of the need for social progress and genuinely seeking new ideas (they mean it when they say "We are waking up"), the most distressing feature of political life here is the paucity of effort from the British side to make people feel that there has been any evolution in British internal or external policies since 1945 ("That would be politics"). Traditional time-honoured methods, imposed in an atmosphere of exclusiveness by people fundamentally out of sympathy with new ideas in Britain or abroad, are bound to be defeated by Beshir's emotional appeals to Moslem brotherhood. Only the conviction that a new and different Britain, breaking with its own past, is helping Libya to achieve stability, can forestall Beshir and the Egyptianates, and allow the intrinsically valuable work of the administrators to bear fruit. All this, however, would require considerable changes in policy and personnel.

Tripoli. JOHN ROSS

The Green Field

THE total area of England and Wales is just over 37,000,000 acres, and of this about 30,000,000 acres were in 1949 classified as agricultural land. Of this, two-thirds was under grass. But "grass" is a term as vague as, say, "people" or "buildings," and these 20,000,000 green acres, which carry the crop that covers over half our entire land-surface, need some analysis.

Firstly, there are the rough grazings, which total some 5,500,000 acres. These can be described as uncultivated grasslands which the farmer uses rather than controls, the moors, for instance, the heaths and the hills, and they vary immensely in botanical character and in agricultural value. Some, for instance, can barely carry the proverbial "tenth of a sheep and half a crow" to the acre, while others differ little from the poorer sort of pasture found on many farms. Indeed, some of these modern rough grazings were at one time farmed fairly intensively, as ruined cottages and derelict field divisions bear witness, and there is among them a considerable reservoir of farmland for reclamation and improvement. But at present their general productivity is low, not only because of their physical condition and remoteness, but also because they lack so much of the equipment, the fences, the water-supplies and the roads, not to mention the human habitations, which would enable the farmer to exploit them.

Secondly, there is the permanent pasture, the grassland which forms part of a normal farming system but not part of an arable rotation. Indeed, it would be more accurate to call much of it *indefinite* pasture since it became or remains grass for economic rather than physical reasons, and in the last decade about a third of it has yielded to the plough. Thus in 1939 it covered nearly 16,000,000 acres and exceeded in area all other types of farmland put together, but by 1949 it had shrunk to 10,450,000 acres, which is little more than the area under the traditional arable crops. In type and value this permanent pasture varies to an almost incredible extent, and at one end it fades into the rough grazings, at the other it includes the famous grasslands of the Midland Shires. It is equally varied in equipment and standards of management, and there is probably more room for rapid and economic improvement in this area of permanent pasture than anywhere else in our farmland.

The third type of grassland in the country is the rotational or temporary grass, the leys which form part of an arable rotation. They are, in fact, grass as an arable crop, and last year they occupied just under 3,700,000 acres, which is nearly a quarter of our total ploughland acreage. These leys are really dual-purpose grass, for though they do produce good grass—between 1934 and 1943 they averaged 26 cwt. of hay per acre as against the 19 cwt. of the permanent pastures—they serve the arable farmer as well as the stockman; their residues, enriched by the droppings of the stock which have grazed on them, are returned to the soil and so provide green manure for the succeeding crops. Indeed, in the words of a modern authority, "investigation to date suggests that the best all-round (manurial) result is obtained by ploughing-in a well-balanced sward."

Now, the manurial value of grass is a very important matter. Our forefathers knew this when they said, proverbially, that "to break (viz. plough) a pasture makes a man," and we, too, should know it. For one of the factors in the ploughing-up campaign which has so altered the physical and economic landscape in the last decade was the conversion into human food of the stored fertility of so much of our old grassland. But grass has technical limitations as well as technical virtues and these, too, the war made obvious. For though it feeds beasts directly it only feeds men indirectly, *via* the stomachs of the stock which process it into meat or milk—and the stock takes its toll in so doing. Thus, according to one commonly quoted set of figures, 100 acres of potatoes will feed 450 people for a year; under wheat, 250 people; but under good grass, converted in beef or mutton, only 50; while the conversion of 2,000,000 acres of pasture into ploughland in the first two years of the war produced a net gain of 285,000 tons of starch equivalent at a net cost of 60,000 tons of protein equivalent.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the most striking difference between the cropping statistics of 1939 and 1949 has been the increase of arable land at the expense of permanent pasture. In this decade some 5,000,000 acres, a sixth of our entire farmland, changed its character in this way, but among the crops which followed the triumphant plough was grass, the improved grass of the rotational leys or, in some cases, the improved grass of restored permanent pasture. The technical developments of the last half-century have done great things for the grass-grower, and the knowledge and physical equipment behind the field of improved grass are among the great economic assets which our nation has acquired.

Unfortunately, general opinion lags behind industrial fact. It is still difficult for many people to regard grass as a crop, it is still easy to believe that there is something peculiarly "natural" about grass. And, admittedly, grass does grow naturally and freely in this country; admittedly, too, it does cover vast areas where man never sowed it. Nevertheless, these opinions are heretical. In the first place, they are false historically—indeed, they were technically obsolete some time before the

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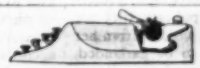

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reign of Queen Anne, since Englishmen were cultivating grasses and clovers in the Seventeenth Century. Further, many of the species which serve the modern farmer are deliberate, "unnatural" importations from overseas, red clover from Flanders in the Seventeenth Century, for instance, timothy grass from America in the Eighteenth, Italian rye-grass from Lombardy and alsike clover from Sweden in the Nineteenth. Again, many of the grasses and clovers we see in fields to-day have been deliberately shaped and improved for agricultural purposes and are no more "natural" than, say, a hedge or a pedigree cow. In the second place, these opinions are false ecologically. For there is nothing absolute about grass, it is merely a temporary stage of development, and if left to itself it will in most parts of these islands yield to bush and scrub and finally to forest. It is only by human action, by, for instance, cultivation or by the grazing of stock that it is maintained as grassland. Leave it for ten, fifteen, twenty years and you will get jungle—as could be seen, too often and too obviously, between the wars.

It is unfortunate, too, that the symbolic corn-sheaf obscures the true place and importance of grass. For one thing, corn is traditionally associated with agricultural prosperity, grass with agricultural depression, so that what is really a means of industrial adaptation has come to be regarded as a sign of economic defeat. Again, the old traditions die hard, and many farmers prefer by instinct arable work, with its ploughing, sowing and reaping, to the less varied routine of the stockman, while the townsman assumes that because the corn-harvest is the most picturesque and familiar episode of the farming year it is also the most important. Recent years, indeed, have strengthened this belief; for, with memories of harvest-camps in his mind, many a city-dweller sees in King Corn the direct giver of bread who came to his aid in the war.

One suspects, too, that behind all this lies history beyond the scope of the historian; there still lingers about the golden god of the ploughlands a pride and a prestige which modern economic change cannot efface, a trace of ancient magic from the days when Demeter and Ceres walked the earth and men worshipped them. Street's Mr. Dibben was not the only one who, in the stricken '30s, wanted to grow wheat "because of the joy he got from seeing a field of it at harvest time . . . He tried to find an argument to justify it but never succeeded." All these things has the Great Urban Mythology taken unto itself, but though it is useful and interesting to discover why the hands of the clock have stuck at such a peculiar hour, the important thing is to find the right time. And, for this, statistics and textbooks are better tools than myth. NIGEL HARVEY

The Wells of Ritual

THE more I see of General Election campaigns, the more convinced I become that they are quite useless. Most people have already made up their minds how to vote; others wait for the election broadcasts; a few must be influenced by the newspapers (though I can't say I have found anyone who admitted to that, except perhaps in a contrary sense). Our carefully organised meetings with supporting speakers, all building up to the candidate, are attended by the faithful, with a few of the other side at the back, prepared to heckle but not to be converted. Our election addresses keep the home fires burning. Our rosettes make us look like first prizes at the fat stock show. A month goes out of our lives.

But do not think for a moment that I would give up this hocus-pocus! No, it is extremely important for social well-being, just because it is part of a myth, the oldest one of all, participation in which is a basic human need. It is the old sacrifice and re-birth theme, which probably goes back, as ritual, to a time before human speech—as we understand speech now. It is decorated in the old colours of blood and corn and sky. The candidate, built up and fêted, lied to in a reassuring way by enthusiastic devotees and crafty agent, darling of chairmen and audiences, may or may not be re-born. Sooner or later, if he continues in the ritual, the day of his destruction will come. He and the electorate have a lunar month of honeymoon before the knives are sharpened.

The chorus of women are there, going through the canvass card ritual, periodically fortifying themselves with a nice cuppa of high stimulation content. Originally, no doubt, this canvass, which is always insisted on by the high priest—I mean, the agent—was utilitarian. It implied a complete committee-room organisation, so that ticked-off voters could be called on with a car and dragged off to vote if they had not done so by approximately 7.30. This does not happen, partly because of the time-lag between polling station and committee room, however swift the feet of the acolyte checker. And it doesn't do to haul out a voter who is just back from voting and sitting down to his cuppa. Besides, the canvassing is often done by intuition, without the bother of a long walk through dark streets: "Old Fred?—oh, *he'll* be all right—just you tick him off." But an important part of the ritual consists in cutting out the registers, gumming them on to cardboard and distributing them. We would feel lost and lonely without it, without our red and blue pencils, without the breath of courage at the strange door-step, the special voice, the excitement of finishing our street, and the return to the warm, lighted committee room and the welcome cuppa. So there you are.

Take the question of cars. Undoubtedly it would be more sensible for all cars to be at the disposal of the returning officer, to whom ill or distant or child-encumbered voters might apply. But that would not fulfil the spiritual requirements of the participants. They need one of "our" cars, ribbons and all, the friendly deference of the driver: "Now don't 'ee hurry I, young man," through whom touch is kept with the Sacrifice, for whom something crucial is done by the vote—which may always be the Vote that Tips the Balance at a Re-count. The circle of mutual dependence is thus completed.

At the 1950 General Election, the candidate with whom I have most to do went through the windscreen of his car, and thereafter appeared with a certain amount of sticking plaster. This Fisher-King appeal was undoubtedly strong. If the injury sustained by a candidate can be traced to opponents, all the better. But a natural injury is better than none, and that, no doubt, is why elections are usually held in periods likely to be foggy. Inadequate time allowed to get from one meeting to another, coupled with enthusiastic driving, is also helpful.

The candidate's wife shares something of the *mana*, the sacredness. Her photograph, preferably with a small child (if over puberty, they are no use) should appear. "A few words" from her are welcome. She is the one to be garlanded, since, in Europe, the garlanding of men is not taken seriously. She must, on the other hand, share in the task of building up the candidate, preparing him for the Day; in the minds of the chorus it must be she who brews his cuppa, not once but many times through the day and night. She must be there at the time of the sacrifice, when the issue of re-birth is still uncertain. It is even possible (but not, I am afraid, probable) that she represents the White Goddess and should, as such, inspire the electoral bards and perhaps eat the other candidate.

Now, you may think all this is a joke. Far from it. We have had ritual ironed cruelly out of our lives, and horribly little put in its place. In earlier centuries, what with Saints' days two or three times a week, and a really long, good-going Christmas or New Year, people probably had more than a fortnight's holiday during the year, indeed it might be nearer a month. They did not go away, mostly because they did not want to. The present fortnight is too often unfilled, unrelated to life, except perhaps in the great communal holidays, the Blackpool illuminations and possibly Butlin's. But these are not, on the whole, shared by the middle-brow, professional classes, the people who perhaps got most fun out of the Festival, just because it offered them some fulfilment. For them the Festival became a fashion, and fashion is often near ritual.

When the soul, or unconscious, is emptied of ritual and the belief which must go with it, even half cynically, a nasty vacuum is left, into which seven devils at least may easily run, including totalitarianism of one kind and another, but always with a ritual including blood. Film stars and crooners may be taken as the King by very immature minds; one notices that they never last long, and their deaths, moral or actual, are much celebrated. It is no use thinking one is above it, as the late nineteenth-century agnostics did. One can be reasonably rational about it, no doubt, observing where it comes from and also seeing that it does not become positively counter-scientific or sub-humanly cruel or disgusting. But that is about as far as one can safely go, at this stage of culture. Given these things, it is better to accept the ritual.

And this General Election business is founded in belief. I think we most of us know what the fundamental Labour Party belief is: this business of brotherhood, which is also at the back of a good many religions. There is also, I believe, a valid Conservative or Tory belief; it is something which can be respected and must, I think, to some extent be admitted. But it has little in common with Lord Woolton and the rest who pay the piper, which is one reason why the Tory tune is so unconvincing to the outsider and cannot, I think, bring happiness to the good Conservative. These beliefs have clothed themselves in ritual, and this ritual has inevitably taken over certain features of general human ritual, with which we conform without knowing quite what we are doing. Because there is so much less ritual in local elections, people are not swept in; they do not feel that they are sharing in anything important.

For that is another aspect of it; most people feel they have lost their human importance, they have become "cogs." That is, often, why they vote for the Conservatives, who, they think—but how erroneously!—will restore their importance and place in the community: which is of course essentially the community of mutual aid, as it was in war-time and as it must be in peace if we are ever to get rid of the unconscious longing for war. In the General Election routine their human importance is restored. Part of the job of candidate, agent and sub-agents, is to make everyone feel he is being important and useful. If you are running a committee room, you must do it in no merely utilitarian spirit. Someone must be encouraged to fold election addresses, and thanked for it, even if you then have to unfold them your-

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self. The encouraging colours and posters must be about. It will make very little difference to the actual voting. But it will mean that a number of people have been plunged into the life-giving wells of belief and ritual, and will by that be strengthened, individually and as part of the community. NAOMI MITCHISON

The Horsewoman

THE physical attitudes proper to agricultural labour place the labourer at a social disadvantage in comparison with the practitioners of less valuable trades. The introduction of agricultural machinery has begun to straighten the back and therefore raise the self-respect of the farm labourer, but the bodily posture of a man spreading dung with a fork is conducive to a humble and self-deprecatory state of mind. The back is bent, the eyes modestly downcast, the neck curved as if to receive a yoke. A man in such an attitude will hardly stand up for himself; the relative positions of the parts of his body will have convinced him that he is a person of no consequence. Social historians might pay some attention to the influence of this factor in allowing so few exploiters to hold down so many exploited for so long.

Accosted in such a lowly attitude by a man in a lounge suit, with clean hands and polished shoes, the labourer does his best to assert his common humanity by straightening his back and taking courage from the fact that his eyes are on a level with the other man's. When this does not turn to account, he feels it, which explains why he will answer a greeting either in a gruff and surly tone, or with a spurious, an almost literary geniality and good nature, owing nothing to his real feelings and everything to an attempt to strike an attitude. But he cannot escape the facts that he is muddy up to the knees, has broken finger-nails, and smells of muck; and because these trivialities have social significance, he does not grow hardened and can no more do himself justice than could the earthworm struggling at his feet, if you told it, what is true, that its work is incomparably more important than that of all the chiefs of State in the world. Let the muck-spreader be accosted by a *mounted* man and his discomposure is complete, he is a worm and knows it. And how much worse is his case if the rider be a woman!

Not far from my holding is a livery stable. The words must not be allowed to evoke one of those outwardly smart and inwardly shoddy establishments hiring broken beasts to heavy-handed stock-brokers over the week-end, and run by brassy women whose ruling-class voices are liable, in an emergency, to let them down and reveal origins as remote from the stud-book as those of their hacks. Our livery stable is run by an eccentric of seventy who lives for horses, and runs the place at a loss because she cannot bear to have any but good horses in her stable. The principal clients come from the neighbouring cathedral city, young women of correct features and good appearance, each an honour to her tailor. They rarely fail to ride past my plantation when I am over the ankles in muck, back bent, head low, eyes cast down, hair dishevelled and, as often as not, apparently talking aloud to myself.

Muck-spreading can, with practice, be done rhythmically and therefore calls for the terrestrial equivalent of a sea-shanty; but folk-art includes no such form. The poet depicts the ploughboy as whistling: but whistling what? For the fruit-picker there are the *jam vinctae vitis* lines of Virgil, but no Colley Cibber has composed even a bogus song, a landsman's equivalent of *Tom Bowling*. This is the less of a loss to me since the moment I open my mouth to sing, a normally inoffensive voice turns into the untuneful and nasal whine of a Cockney down-and-out crooning for pennies at a pub door. So even if there were a muck-spreader's shanty I should hesitate to sing it. Instead, I recite, and the only poetry I know sufficiently by heart is Shakespeare's, the only rhythmic prose, Gibbon's. Gibbon, however, is really only suitable for hoeing, and so I speed the swing of the dung fork with monologues from Hamlet, with Shylock's bitter speeches or with lines from Julius Caesar. This poetry is not ideal: some simpler verse, upon which the rhythm of muck-spreading could be imposed, would be preferable. Shakespeare's rhythm imposes itself. Moreover, one really needs something less exciting. Too often have I broken the swing of the dung fork in order to emphasise, by gesturing with that tool, a repetition of some too moving line, only to realise that a beautiful and exquisitely groomed horsewoman, her very mount so clean and glossy that I dare not offer to pat it, is listening with a coldly suspicious stare while I address a lump of muck with,

Oh, pardon me thou bleeding piece of earth!

uttered with heart-rending feeling.

I have already said something of the meekness which is the outcome of the bodily postures of agricultural labour. Mounting a horse produces a contrary result. Riding boots alone, as anyone knows who has worn them, have a pernicious effect on behaviour, and the most amiable of men, once in a pair of well-cut top boots, raises his voice, stamps about, and slashes at things. Once a little confidence on horseback has been won, a high-spirited arrogance bubbles up in the horseman, like Hyde boiling up in Jekyll. As for the effect, on female behaviour, of being mounted on a handsome horse, it is appalling. Thank God no one has yet thought of mounting our female police! The behaviour of mounted lady constables would certainly be atrocious, and the crowd-forming citizen would become the victim of a reign of terror, to which, what is more, he would humbly submit.

In support of this contention let me bring forward my own experience, my own feelings on being accosted by a horsewoman in the conditions described above. If I wore a hat I should certainly doff it, not in mere politeness, not chivalrously, but in a spirit of cringing humility. As it happens, I do not wear a hat. As for the traditional alternative salute—the premature baldness of my brow, though used by my publisher's advertising department in the misguided belief that a spurious appearance of intellect will sell books, deprives me of that necessary adjunct to true peasantry, a forelock. Otherwise, I should certainly pull it. I may straighten up and try to glance easily over the points of horse and rider, but this imitation of a horse-wise, wench-wise gentleman who happens to be doing a little light gardening, wants conviction; and if I utter a greeting I find my natural accent overlaid by a bogus rustic brogue, so strong is recognition of what is due to the situation.

Fortunately an accident came recently to my aid, restoring that original peace of mind in which I could resume the unbroken rhythm of working. A friendly farmer having consented to rob his land to the extent of selling me five tons of dung, his men had delivered it by pitching it off the cart outside the gate, on the green verge bordering the road. I was bringing up the barrow preparatory to shifting some of the steaming load when, inevitably, a really lovely girl, in breeches and coat certainly cut in Saville Row, and a hat from Scotts, appeared, mounted on the handsomest and best groomed of roans. As this apparition went tittuping past the gate, one of our speckled pullets, who has a mania for laying in hedges, flew out in a panic flutter and squawk, right under the horse's nose. The horse was high spirited, and although knowing perfectly well that a speckled pullet could do him no harm, decided to simulate extreme terror, first by trying to walk on his hind legs like a circus horse; then by trying to stand on his head like a Tory politician. A moment later I was extracting a badly frightened, very angry young woman from a fresh, warm, moist and stinking dung-heap.

The joke was knock-about stuff, but I was not responsible for that; the girl was not hurt, but had she been I could still not have held back my laughter. It was not very polite to laugh, and afterwards we did our best to make up for it with hot water, towels, and lavender water. And now I can get on with my work without the handicap of self-consciousness. I am composting the dung where it stands, and have given up trying to break the speckled pullet of her wild ways. When a horsewoman passes I break off in the middle of a swing of the fork, and of Shylock's indictment of Antonio's inconsistency, and straighten my back no longer diffident, no longer humble, but merely in order to watch the horsewoman past the gate, in ever-fresh anticipation. EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

EDVARD MUNCH

CENTRAL European intellectuals who have been forced to take up residence in England must regard us as amiable provincials, though they are far too polite to confess to anything of the sort. They feel that they ought to be grateful for the sanctuary we have offered them and so hesitate to criticise us. A little more plain speaking might be salutary. It would do their English counterparts no harm to be reminded now and then that it is their serious duty to discover and assimilate what is going on everywhere in the world of art, even in other provincial centres. We have wilfully restricted our range of vision by paying so much attention to what has happened in Paris, and by remaining in comparative ignorance of the cultural atmosphere of the Scandinavian countries, of Germany and Austria from 1890 onwards. This at any rate is the situation in art criticism, if not in other branches of study. It is indeed scandalous that we should have had to wait until the middle of the twentieth century before being properly introduced to the Norwegian Edvard Munch who, whatever may be his intrinsic merits, has for sixty years been no less important than Gauguin as a formative influence on the painting and graphic arts of our time. His influence, nearly ninety years after his birth, is still widespread in his native country. Even after his exhibition at the Tate Gallery, admirably selected to demonstrate his whole range, I doubt whether his contribution will be sufficiently recognised by English critics. More culpable still—and stranger, considering that his qualities as draughtsman and colourist are superior to Munch's—is our continued neglect of the most distinguished painter resident (or intermittently resident) in this country, Oscar Kokoschka. This is partly his own fault, since he does not seem to be anxious to get his work better known here, but partly ours, since he speaks in a language with which we have failed to make ourselves conversant. It is a language that cannot be guessed at, but must be learnt.

Here a danger confronts us: as we begin to be acquainted with Central European art and to treat it with proper respect, so we shall arrogantly impose arbitrary standards of judgment on it, as

though we were familiar with the language already. We shall assume that having understood the surrealists and their successors, we shall be in a stronger position than the earlier advocates of formalism, to criticise an art that is impure and literary; whereas in fact, without knowledge of the intellectual background of Central Europe, we shall find ourselves hopelessly at sea. The exhibition may show Munch in all moods at his best. It is not difficult to get together a first-rate show with loans from the Norwegian National Gallery and the Oslo Municipal Collections where his finest work is concentrated. But it suffers from all the vices of the "one-man show." Examples should have been added of naturalistic *genre* painting in Scandinavia to demonstrate Munch's beginnings, and of German *Jugendstil* and Expressionism where his influence can be traced, since to treat him in this way in isolation is too bewildering to a public that approaches him and his world almost for the first time.

It is no criticism of Munch to admit that subject-matter, and the ideas that his subjects called up in his mind, were of supreme importance to him, as they were to the whole circle in which he moved. To deny that the subject can ever be more important to the painter than the organisation of the picture-space is to condemn chunks of European art from Bosch onwards. The problems that racked the hearts of some of the best Western European artists of Munch's time—problems connected mainly with composition and colour harmonies—Munch dismissed as irrelevant, or solved unconsciously in his own crude way. As though engaged on an autobiographical novel, serialised in a Symbolist periodical, he concentrated his whole attention on the basic problems of human life, or what seemed to Munch basic as a young man: lust, disease, insanity, death; and "picture-making" had to look after itself. These preoccupations are related to experiences in his own life—his art can to a large extent be explained by his biography—but they were common to his group and to the gods he venerated: Baudelaire, Zola, Dostoievsky, Strindberg. For the first time it became permissible to make appalling personal tragedies public. His pictures are never objective renderings of these tragedies but his own sensations about them. He was not content merely to present scenes of lust but had to describe them in forms and colours that expressed more vividly his pain. He stripped the skin off human beings, as it were, and left them to smart on the canvas.

Sometimes he introduces himself into the picture, so as actually to show himself suffering, but since he and the facts described exist on different planes of reality, he has to be represented, not as taking part in the scene, or even as standing to one side in horrified silence and contemplation, but as a lonely outcast brooding in the immediate foreground on an act of betrayal behind him—as it might be, the plucking of the forbidden fruit, with a second Adam waiting for the Eve he has lost. Only his head and shoulders are visible, shoved, so it seems, in front of the picture, not subject to the same perspective laws as govern the tragedy beyond. This helps to isolate him completely, and to drive home the lesson that though all men suffer for the same causes, each suffers alone.

I have attempted to describe the character of Munch's art only between 1885 and about 1908. This second date marks a turning-point in his career. Up to that time he had kept in constant touch with the latest artistic manifestations of France and Germany. He had been a forerunner and leader of the decadent and *art nouveau* movements. In 1908 he had a nervous breakdown and retired to a clinical hospital in Copenhagen. From then onwards until his death in January, 1944, he spent most of his time in Norway, away from battles, and achieved some recognition in circles other than Bohemian. Although he continued to make copies of his earlier scenes of torture (determined, it appears, to pick off the scabs as soon as the wounds threatened to heal), he began to lose faith in easel pictures, and to dream of vast public decorations illustrating man's role in society. Significantly, as Gauguin lost his hold on Munch, so Van Gogh came to the fore.

It would be convenient to interpret his career as a gradual exorcising of a nasty nightmare, culminating in the attainment of social consciousness and happiness, and hence in a great social art. But an artist's work must be judged by the results, not by noble aspirations. In spite of some impressive full-length portraits, the later work of Munch lacks the intensity and fire of those youthful antisocial productions where subjectivism is pushed to its furthest limits. We come away from the exhibition moved not by the *Bathers Triptych*, nor by the sun breaking over the hills as a symbol of hope, nor by workmen shuffling along a road, but by purely private scenes of horror: by *The Cry* (1893) where a heart-rending shriek in the foreground is echoed in the bands of red light in the sky beyond; by *Marat's Death* (1906) which of all paintings I can remember describes most poignantly the impossibility of human beings ever coming to terms with one another; by the *Madonna* (1894) where Munch joins hands with Dante Gabriel Rossetti in yearning for inaccessible pleasures. These fantasies of a young man on the edge of madness are ugly, often nauseating, and perhaps crude to a generation brought up on the subtleties of psycho-analysis; but even if not among the greatest works of their time, they are among the bravest, most uncompromising, and most original.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

THE OTHER OTHELLO

OUT of step once again, I heartily disliked the Old Vic's production of *Othello*. I never doubted, as I sat restively through it, that it would be judged as one of the worst Shakespearean productions seen in London in recent years. The level of casting, acting, design and production struck me as being well below the level of our best provincial repertory companies, and therefore very well below what we hope for from the Old Vic under Mr. Guthrie; I presumed that it was a "junior" production, and felt strongly that, abroad (it has just returned from a visit to Berlin), it would give a very mediocre impression of our all-but-National theatre. I was surprised then to see how very generously it was received by many colleagues; and in that mood of self-criticism engendered by the controversy over the Arts Theatre prize play, I should like to have revisited it to check my conclusions. But lacking the opportunity, I shall have to record my opinions as I formed them.

Mr. Douglas Campbell, the Othello, has the advantage of being tall and being endowed with a musical voice. In a repertory company he would have gained credit for making a good shot at a difficult part. But by the standards which apply in London I am forced to say that he seems to me to fall far short. Lack of technique can, in a young or inexperienced actor be made up for by a personality which overrides the deficiencies. But Mr. Campbell lacks command: he doesn't impose himself, much less a reading of the part, while his control over both his voice and his movements is at present only fitful and uncertain.

Miss Irene Worth has won laurels for her Desdemona. I recognise that in the abstract, so to speak, she gives us a fine piece of acting deeply felt and ably projected. But I still cannot admit that she makes a good Desdemona, for two reasons. First, her highly realistic style is at odds both with Shakespeare and with the rest of the cast: at times she is so quietly naturalistic as to be totally inaudible. Secondly, a full-blown mature Desdemona (instead of the usual immature one) might succeed in convincing us in the general pattern of the play, but not, surely, if the Othello himself has a touch of the immature. This makes an impossible reversal. She looked at first as if she could swallow him whole, and created a dangerous feeling of uncertainty—would the logic of the reversal be pursued to the end, and would it be *she* that strangled *him*?

Then an inexperienced Othello ought to have the help of an assured and experienced producer. Mr. Michael Langham clearly has gifts—the line

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of narrative at least is clearly and firmly drawn. But at present he is too much under the wrong kind of influence from the Guthrie school of production, he imitates its faults rather than its virtues. Important speeches delivered by actors with their backs to us for no compelling or intelligent reason (viz., the "Othello's occupation's gone" speech): irrelevant and fussy movement—movement for movement's sake: actors fluttering and pirouetting across the stage to no purpose until, "For goodness sake keep still," one finds oneself muttering. By the last act Mr. Langham's control seemed to have vanished. The difficult last scene after the murder is a most inconsequent muddle. Then, throughout, the invented business is nearly always common and vulgar. Let me give one, admittedly the grossest, example. Act IV, Scene 2, where Roderigo is persuaded by Iago to the murder of Cassio. I say nothing of the absurd over-guying of Roderigo which is now the current way of playing this part, but at this point the guy Roderigo is imagined by the producer to have enrolled himself as one of the kitchen servants who are carrying in the banquet just before Desdemona's death scene. It is in this disguise that he comes upon Iago, and their dialogue is constantly interrupted by comic business with the other servants thrusting hot plates into his hands, and he not knowing how to dispose of them.

This music-hall interlude takes place, I may add, in Desdemona's bedchamber! And it does seem to me that a designer and producer who arrange for the chief bedroom to be a passage way between kitchen and dining hall show a quite singular lack of feeling for fitness. The costumes, and the hangings more especially, give the appearance of being done on the cheap; but even so the colouring might have been more happily chosen, while the plain double divan on which Desdemona meets her end is not made any grander by the frowsty curtain hanging behind it.

In the subsidiary roles Mr. Paul Rogers gives a fine professional performance as Iago, and Miss Coral Browne the same as Emilia. Mr. Ernest Milton as Lodovico and Mr. Nicholas Hannen as Brabantio played each in their different conventions (making some five separate styles of acting going on all at the same time). The other actors range from the downright incompetent to the merely indifferent. T. C. WORSLEY

DEMONS AND DEMI-GODS

INDIAN classical dancing, old before European ballet was born, sometimes seems, at least to the European, to lose feeling in its pursuit for technical perfection. I noticed it a little in the Hindu Ballet of Mrinalini Sarabhai. Great leaps from the men, elaborate mime and beautiful costumes, formal gestures, graceful arms and the complex movements of eyes, head, feet and hands bring demons and demi-gods to life in the chilly draughts of the Cambridge Theatre. It may be that this strange idiom eludes me; but there seems to me to be an excessive formality about it all, especially in the shorter dances, such a grim concentration upon technique that feeling and expression are smothered and one begins to watch the technique, the deep, deep bending of the knees, the separate movements of the upper and lower parts of the body, the control which comes from the stomach, instead of being moved by what the dance is about. The male dancers, Panicker and Shivashankar, never really let themselves go in the Kathak *Tillotamma*, and Sarabhai, who has a noble dignity, was stiff in the early part of the programme. She seemed more at ease in the dance of Shiva, *Natanam Adrinar*, and in the two dance dramas, *Matsya Kanya*, an Indian version of the *Mermaid and the Prince*, and *Manushya*, about the birth, life and death of man. I liked these dance dramas very much. They were well produced and the dancers seemed to enjoy them: Chatunni Panicker, for instance, the leading male dancer, a competent technician with an excellent physique, only seemed to come to life when he danced in them.

Miss Pearl Primus, like the Danzas Latino-America of Joaquin Perez Fernandez, has no inhibitions about classical technique. Both these companies appeal to me because they have not forgotten the world outside the theatre, the fairs, the sea ports, and superstitions of South America, the drums, the ceremonies, fears and sadness of Africa and Negro North America. Rough-hewn though they are and a little uncertain of how to present themselves, they have an honest bluntness which is fresh and wholesomely shocking to stuffy balletomanes. The companies use all the local colour one could wish, but it needs to be worked over more carefully. The Hollywood atmosphere of Mr. Fernandez' more romantic numbers could be toned down, and Miss Primus needs to think a little about the balance and variety of her repertoire, which is too anthropological as its stands. She brings a company of five male dancers and herself, a quite astonishing drummer, a Calypso singer and a pianist. Charles Blackwell, the tallest of her dancers, looks like the *Jeremiah* of Leonardo da Vinci. The men, with their large, supple feet and strange carriage, move with a kind of animal grace and purpose which is dominated by her tremendous personality. Very few of the dancers could have managed the protest against lynch law as she did. Her demons and demi-gods have feeling, expression and life.

PETER BRINSON

THE MOVIES

"The Blue Veil," at the Odeon, Marble Arch
"Along the Great Divide," at Warner's
"David and Bathsheba," at the Leicester Square Theatre

It has not been an encouraging week in the cinema. *The Blue Veil*, an old-fashioned yawn-jerker, shows Jane Wyman at her most self-sacrificing as the sort of Nannie there aren't any more of nowadays. A large and starry cast support her with apparent indifference, and some very odd editing makes the episodic story even more spasmodic than it need have been. *Along the Great Divide* has only one point of interest: it shows what can happen to a good actor when he plays one role, however curious, impressively. In this case it is Kirk Douglas, set for good, it seems, as a two-fisted father-fixated neurotic. Walter Brennan is excellent, as usual, and there is some good photography; but these prestige Westerns, constantly forced to break in on their psycho-analysing with bursts of conventional action, are rarely as successful as the old-fashioned sort. And then *David and Bathsheba*. Here Darryl Zanuck has made an interesting attempt to break away from the de Mille formula for Biblical pictures—sex, prayer and spectacle—in order to concentrate on the human values of the situation. Philip Dunne's script is never offensive, though it is often banal: and once at least it is both exciting and moving, in the night scene where David revisits the spot on which Saul and Jonathan were killed years before, and the sounds of the battle fill his mind once again. I think very much more might have come of it had the director been someone other than Henry King. King is one of the best craftsmen in the field, as *Twelve O'clock High* and *The Gunfighter* showed; but his line is small-scale drama in the present or the immediate past, not the imaginative reconstruction of what is largely an unknown period. No one would cavil at the American accents (indeed, it is James Robertson Justice and Kieron Moore who strike the jarring note), and he has once again secured a considerable performance from Gregory Peck: the trouble lies in the lack of conviction in the whole thing, the absence of a sense of place and time. De Mille's conception, absurd though it often is, has obvious validity for him. Henry King, though a much subtler director, seems unsure of his ground, and the feeling pervades the entire piece.

But how few films, when one comes to think of it, have managed to re-create the atmosphere of the

past. *Les Enfants du Paradis* did triumphantly, and *Kind Hearts and Coronets*; in both these the audience were translated not only into the physical feel of the time (*Great Expectations* did that with vast skill) but into its mental climate. The men and women in *Les Enfants*, though they often seemed ridiculous, never appeared to behave unnaturally: you were made to think that living at that time, such behaviour was quite conceivable, and almost admirable. On a lower level, Pabst's picture of London in the Nineties in *Die Dreigroschenoper*—in spite of Soho on the river and all the other eccentricities—was nearer to being at least the picture of some town on earth than, say, the London of *Forever Amber*. It is not the improbable sets, the pervading air of glamorisation, that interferes with our belief so much as the complete absence of any historical sense. *David and Bathsheba* does make some attempt to cope with this problem. The insistence on the Law; the placing of the story in its correct biblical context of a small tribe beset by enemies, the dynasty, newly established and insecure, the generals changing sides; its sketchy but sympathetic portrait of a ruler who has lost the early faith which brought him to power—these do give one an occasional sense of what it actually must have felt like to live in those far-off times. The pity is that these elements are so often submerged. It will be an exciting day if a director and a writer should combine sometime in the future to capture these strange, primitive, entirely credible Old Testament stories. FRANK HAUSER

"South Pacific," at Drury Lane

In *Mr. Roberts* the present trend of American musicals reached its logical conclusion: it was a musical without music. *South Pacific*, though it has affinities with that piece, does not go quite so far: it is decorated with a number of those hummable numbers for which its composer (Mr. Richard Rodgers) is famous. But it does dispense with all the other elements which traditionally have been the point of musicals, dancing, glamour and girls. What then does it offer instead? A heavy, slow and very obvious story, ill-contrived, about the American marines in the Pacific—and Miss Mary Martin. Miss Martin has an engaging line of self-parody: she charms us by making herself most agreeably funny, and then switching into a vein of easy sentiment. So she, too, follows in the trend—not a great star personality, just a pleasing, likeable small-scale one. The reasons which gave this pleasant enough piece such a conquering run in New York are as obscure to us as the reason would doubtless be to the Americans for the success of, say, *Perchance to Dream*; or, a better comparison, *Worm's Eye View*. An expert streamline job of production carries the piece along with the assurance of its being a masterpiece. Mr. Roy Walston supplies a dry line of humour and Miss Muriel Smith and Mr. Wilbur Evans are the other noticeable characters. T. C. W.

Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens, at the Lyric, Hammersmith

"The enthusiasm was something awful": thus Dickens after one of his readings; and again: "The crying was universal." The crying at the Lyric was not evident, but of the enthusiasm there was no doubt. And rightly; Mr. Williams's is a remarkable performance. It was, in fact, difficult to know whom to admire the more, Mr. Williams or Dickens. In the end, the honours were even. Mr. Williams gave us Dickens savagely satirical, Dickens sentimental, Dickens comic, Dickens pathetic, Dickens ham, Dickens the pinchbeck Carlyle. It is a tribute both to actor and novelist that when Mr. Williams was interpreting the best Dickens, the scenes from *Our Mutual Friend*, *Dombey and Son*, and *Pickwick*, we were scarcely conscious that he was impersonating the author; then, beard, make-up, Victorian frock coat seemed oddly irrelevant, and one felt the illusion of Mr. Williams as Dickens would have been as fully maintained by a presentation, as it were, in modern dress. It was with the minor Dickens, the Dickens of the *Christmas Stories*, that Mr. Williams's virtuosity was most apparent; the impersonation then had a value in its own right and was admirably successful in carrying relatively weak material. The adaptations, incidentally, of the scenes of *Dombey and Son*, were extremely skilful. It is good to know that Mr. Williams intends to appear as Dickens again next winter, in a different set of passages. One hopes, indeed, that Mr. Williams as Dickens may become an annual institution in our theatre. W. A.

Keith Vaughan, at the Lefevre Gallery

This is an interesting show because Vaughan's work is changing and developing. But for a painter a period of urgent development is also a period of conflict; consequently several of these 30 paintings are unresolved, their separate parts and their different but simultaneous methods of painting being incompatible. His figures—fishermen on a beach or male nudes in a bare studio—are usually defined by a sharp outline which holds in, like the hoop round a barrel, the form it surrounds. Thus these figures, although often outstanding like silhouettes, appear three-dimensional and "mobile." But the scenes they inhabit often tend to be flat and static—the outlines scissoring off the shapes; thus the top of a sideways-on boat is tilted up to make a merely two-dimensional emblem, a table-top is painted in wonky semi-cubist perspective, a segment of a cliff is trimmed into an abstract square. The same conflict of approach can be seen in a still-life of a skull. The eye-sockets are painted black to give them depth, to turn them into caverns; but beside the skull is a glass, the top ellipse of which is painted black simply for the sake of its disc shape. However, having made this criticism, it is very necessary to add that Vaughan's personality is distinct, that he has a fine sense of colour (very English—greens and North Sea greys), that even in his less successful pictures the vulnerability of his figures (their nakedness is like that of trees stripped of their bark) is poetically compelling; and that in his most recent large painting—of a leaping man—he has resolved his conflict of approach. J. B.

Correspondence

LET'S FACE THE FUTURE

SIR,—Already there are some regretful signs of complacency within the Labour Party. Only a few days after being defeated at the polls people are beginning to murmur that "a taste of Toryism will soon prove to the country how better off we were under a Labour Government."

I can recall the same kind of wishful thinking after the defeat of Labour Governments in Australia and New Zealand. But the elections which followed in both those countries did not put Labour back in office, but instead confirmed the previous victory of big business. We must realise in Britain, too, that it is easier to get defeated than to get elected. And it is no consolation to say that the Tories got turned out, but now they are once more in the saddle. The Tories are the party of the *status quo*, of keeping things as they are while we are the party of change.

You rightly pointed out last week: "It is folly to deny the reality of this class conflict or to turn a blind eye to the resentments and fears it aroused." The tragedy which faces the Labour Party is not defeat, but that the nation is so divided into two classes that it may take years to win another million or so voters.

The problem which faces us is the dilemma of Winston Churchill. The future depends for some while to come on whether Churchill is still the astute politician he was before and during the war or whether he is simply eager for power and revenge, as his post-war utterances have led us to believe. If it is power which dominates his mind then we may not have to wait five years before Labour is once more the Government. In these circumstances he will seek to placate the City and the industrialists who can only be satisfied at the expense of the rest of us. The more he attempts by traditional methods to keep not only himself, but Toryism in power, the greater are the chances that he will hang himself with his own lanyard within two years.

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But Churchill is no fool. He knows the impossibility of providing more houses, lower prices, full employment, the Welfare State *and* rearmament (which he promised the people), and, at the same time, bigger profits, larger dividends and a more docile labour force (which are the requirements of the magnates whose millions played such a large part in his recent victory). Churchill knows something more; that it is only impossible while his majority remains at 25 or 18 (depending upon whether you read the *Express* or the *Herald*). With a majority of fifty, he would have no qualms about telling the people that the economic state of the nation and the world made it impossible for us to maintain full employment and the Welfare State.

Can he get this majority? It may not be so difficult. But it seems to depend on whether Churchill wants power or just the spoils of victory. If he finds, as is likely, that he cannot carry out real Conservative policy with his present slender majority, he may decide to go to the country again within six months, before the Liberals have a chance to attempt yet another revival and before Labour has had time to organise effective opposition; before another million people realise, what nearly fourteen millions understood on October 25; that a combination of Churchill, Eden and Woolton does not provide any kind of panacea for our ills.

It is no use running away from the fact that the majority of Liberals to-day prefer the evils of Toryism to the dangers, as they see them, of Socialism. It will take us some little while, plus the help of Churchill, to redress the balance. If Churchill understands this, he is likely to appeal to the country again, before we have had a chance to make an effective appeal to these million voters, in the hope of getting a majority which will be sufficient to keep him in power for a full term of five years.

In other words Labour must start facing the future knowing from the outset that it faces a most difficult time. To woo or not to woo. That is the question. To achieve success we shall, it seems, need to combine the audacity of Bevan with the sweetness of Attlee and Morrison. And we shall need to remember what George Herbert wrote in 1633:

> Make not thy sport, abuses; for the fly
> That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

11 Vernon Court, Hendon Way, N.W.2. MOSS MURRAY

SIR,—"As far as we know," said the leading article of your issue of November 3, "no Socialist candidate pinned his colours to the mast of the £4,700 million Defence Programme . . . " Well, this Socialist candidate did. Every member of the late Government supported the Defence programme, I personally heard a number of candidates who were not in the Government supporting it, and I have no doubt the great majority of Labour candidates also supported it. The fact that you know of no Socialist candidate who supported the Labour Government's rearmament programme emphasises what I had long suspected—that your journal's information is obtained solely from unrepresentative members of the Labour Party. Far from there being a general move, as you suggest, to preach the fallacies of that strange document *One Way Only* (its authors and you told us that shortage of raw materials brought about by the rearmament programme would cause mass unemployment in industrial centres by the middle of the year) there was a marked tendency among the minority who had previously achieved notoriety as critics of the Government to declare their loyalty to it and anxiously to assure the electorate of their orthodoxy. Even so nearly all of them suffered a greater diminution in their majorities than most of their colleagues did. An objective examination of the election results is sufficient to explode the myth (fostered by the Tories out of mischief and by the critics out of vanity) that Labour candidates who had criticised their own Government before the election did particularly well. Had the general swing against Labour gone just a little further, even the wide and generous shelter afforded them by the Party ticket would not have preserved most of the erstwhile critics.

Of course, supporters of the Labour Government's rearmament programme did not argue "that it was essential to give arms a priority over social services in next year's Budget" because that was never the intention of the Labour Government. The choice was not between the social services *and* the rearmament programme. The social services were never in danger. What was frankly stated by the Labour Government was that the rearmament programme involved some hardships through a falling off in the supply of goods for the home market and a delay in the enjoyment of the further benefits accruing from continuing increased production.

You yourself state that Mr. Churchill's victory was "due not to a swing away from Labour but to a Liberal preference for Toryism as a lesser evil in some 25 marginal constituencies." Why anyone outside a madhouse should imagine that Liberals uncertain whether to vote Tory or Labour would be more inclined to vote Labour if they thought the Labour Party would abandon its rearmament programme and become vaguely "more Socialist" is incomprehensible; yet this is the suggestion you make earlier in your article.

On the issue of rearmament you have all along confused your refusal to agree to the minimum armed strength necessary for self-defence with Socialism. Fortunately for his country Marshal Tito has not made the same mistake. It is understandable that a paper like THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION which, after all, was the first journal in Great Britain to recommend handing over the Sudetenland to Hitler, should err on the side of appeasement and pacifism, but that it should also smugly praise itself for its Socialism in so doing is intolerable. Now you say "certainly many Labour M.P.s who felt unable to support Mr. Bevan's resignation will find it easier to approve his strictures on rearmament now that Mr. Churchill is Minister of Defence. Against the Tories unity will not be difficult to achieve, even if some leading ex-Ministers will be prevented by their record in recent months from joining wholeheartedly in the attack which the Bevanites are free to make." This is to assume that the approach of others to politics is as shallow as your own. Has it not occurred to you that the Labour Government introduced, and the Parliamentary Labour Party supported, the £4,700 million rearmament programme because they thought it was right? The fact that Mr. Churchill is now called on to implement it does not make it any less right. If the Labour Party were to denounce it, as you urge, simply because Mr. Churchill is now in charge of it instead of ourselves, we would display an irresponsibility shocking enough to keep us out of office for years.

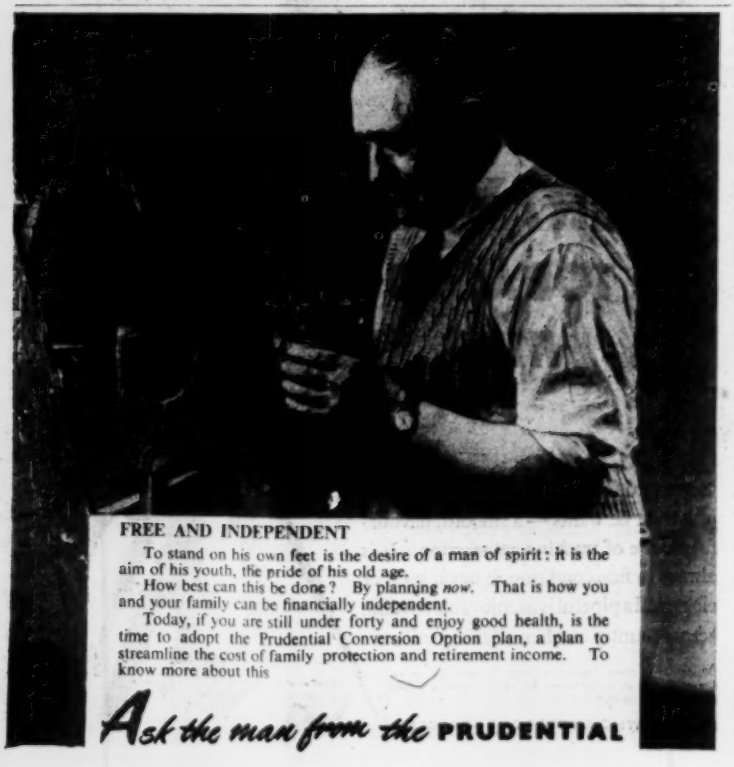
I accept that in order to maintain and increase its circulation THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is obliged to attack the Government. There is nothing so dull as approval. But now that the Government has changed, is it too much to ask THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to concentrate on attacking the present Government when it fails to continue the Labour Government's policy, and when it embarks on bad new departures (there will be many opportunities), but not when it merely carries out a rearmament programme laid down for it by the Labour Government? WOODROW WYATT

House of Commons.

SIR,—With all respect how can you write such stupid nonsense? For example, what evidence have you that "employers have been counting on their own kith and kin" (that is the new Tory Government) "to force down wages." Such bigotry might be suitable for the blindly ignorant, but for your tolerant and well-informed readers it is surely an insult.

Even from the narrowest and most selfish point of view, the employers do not want to see wages go down. We want our staff and workers to be contented and happy. It makes our job easier. We want our workers to get good wages, because otherwise they could not purchase the goods we produce. It is neither profitable nor amusing to produce goods no one will buy. That is the way to bankruptcy—and no employer wants to go there.

Later you write "Mr. Churchill's majority [ ] is not sufficient to enable him to dismantle very much of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the Welfare State, whose foundations" (you surprisingly claim) "have been laid since 1945." Really, Sir, have you never heard of the social welfare measures taken by Asquith's Liberal Government before the 1914 war? Was Churchill not a member of that Government? What authority have you for saying that any responsible Conservative wants to dismantle any portion of the Welfare State?

Come off it, Sir, and don't be so sanctimoniously self-righteous! If you cannot give your political opponents the credit for being as sincere in their motives as you claim for yourself, you might at least show a bit of good English sportsmanship and try to be fair.

CYRIL OSBORNE

House of Commons.

NEW STATESMANSHIP

SIR,—Your novel reviewers are obviously disciples of the great S. Potter, founder of Lifemanship (vide his immortal words on Newstatesmanship and Reviewership). It saddens me, therefore, to have to draw attention to the manifest poverty of technique of three of your Reviewmen (namely, J. Brooke, J. Raymond, and J. Scott) in the important sub-department of eccentric-and-foreign-word-play. No doubt your Reviewmen are all aware of the purpose of eccentric-and-foreign-word-play, which is, briefly, to dazzle and confuse, and if necessary distract attention from the poverty of ideas, poor taste, and ignorance which might otherwise be detected in the review. The effect, in fact, should be rather that of a firework (or a *feu d'artifice*, as J. Brooke would no doubt say), a delusive brilliance which pretends that darkness is light.

If the Reviewman is to obtain maximum *artifice* from his *feu*, he must bear these three rules in mind:

(1) The words used must not be too weary with use; ideally they ought to have a new-minted air.

(2) Even a new-minted word must not be used too often in consecutive reviews.

(3) Too many of these words must not be used in the same review, since the aural retina is easily fatigued, and numbness instead of dazzlement will result.

Reviewmen Brooke, Raymond and Scott break every one of these three essential rules: consequently the reader sees more darkness than fireworks—he feels in fact, that he, and not Reviewman, is one up. To particularise: J. Raymond has *terrain vague* two weeks running (Oct. 6 and Oct. 13) and scarcely makes up with the admittedly good use of O.K. names in "Picasso's *Guernica*" and "Blue Period melancholy" (is there an obstetrician in the house?) J. Brooke starts well (Oct. 20) with *Trendiisms (gut!)* but, alas! he also has *inglese italianizzato, homme de lettres, mise-en-scène, châtelaine, dénouement, faisandé*, and *se mefier de contrefaçons*. This is more like atomic warfare than *feux d'artifice*. I give him full marks in Lowbrowmanship for "I'd rather read 'Garth' in the *Daily Mirror*, any day," and half-marks in Drinksnobmanship for the gambit which begins: "I couldn't help being reminded of a very old champagne . . ." but even so he scarcely rates a positive quantity. J. Scott gets a rap over the knuckles for using *vouhs*, which I find again, by the way, in a nearby review by G. Fraser. *Vouhs* is definitely tabu: it is a very, very damp squib.

After careful consideration, I would say that J. Brooke is the most promising Reviewman of the three. His Lowbrowmanship play is very impressive (though it might be argued that he uses "jolly well" too often), and if he can prune his foreign-word-play of its rank growth he may yet qualify for a place on the Lifemen List at Station Road, Yeovil. There is a tendency for all beginners at the great game to try too hard: much may be forgiven the victims of this youthful over-enthusiasm, and it may be that J. Raymond will also, in the not too distant future, attain an honoured place in the ranks of Lifemen. He has obvious qualities, but he must learn to discipline his talent and not overload his canvas with colour.

As for Reviewman Scott, one would advise that he ask himself seriously if he is really the type to become even an average Lifeman. True, his style is commendably arid—but never does the mirage of such a phrase as *inglese italianizzato* quiver across the barren wastes. True, again, that Lifemen are made as well as born—but . . . perhaps there is something in the nature of the stern and wild Caledonian which is inimical to the practice of Lifemanship—mayhap a certain deficiency in that lightness of touch (all senses) which is so necessary.

K. ANNAT

THEATRE CLUBS

SIR,—Mr. Rolph in his admirable article suggests that the Unity Theatre prosecution was a test case on what, in law, constituted a private theatre club. In fact, the prosecution carefully limited itself to the allegation that on two dates members of the public, not being members of the Theatre, were wrongly admitted. They did not suggest that Unity's widely-based membership *in itself* removed the protection afforded to private theatre clubs. The Magistrate seemed to think it did, but his entirely *obiter* opinions were certainly not supported by anything said in the Divisional Court.

The legal question is, therefore, still open, and I cannot accept Mr. Rolph's view that mere size of membership is relevant in considering whether a club is "private" or "public." The test, in my view, is whether, in addition to being willing to buy a ticket for a show, a person must fulfil some other condition before being allowed in; such condition may consist of filling-in a club membership application and paying a membership fee, or may take some other form. The fact that such a condition precedent is fulfilled by a lot of people rather than by only a few surely does not affect the legal "privacy" of a club. Bearing in mind the way the Unity case was presented, this view seems to be shared by the authorities.

Until the point is authoritatively decided by the High Court, one hopes that private theatre clubs will continue their present practice of recruiting members from as wide a source as possible.

O. H. PARSONS

15 Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

RENT CONTROL

SIR,—The situation of the owner of war rent restricted property has become quite fantastic. Here is a case of a house in Bloomsbury at the absurdly low rental of £120 p.a. of which I happen to know the facts.

The landlord, who is liable to prosecution if his property is used for immoral purposes, suspected that the tenant to whom his house had been assigned was using it as a brothel. But the landlord had no power to prevent the tenancy being assigned and could not under the War Rents Restriction Act give the assignee notice. It is not easy to prove that a house is being used for immoral purposes, and it is expensive to make a mistake. Fortunately in this instance the police intervened and the tenant was convicted. Nevertheless that did not secure the landlord possession. He had to apply to the court. The tenant fought the case and lost. He then appealed and again the verdict went against him. But he disregarded the order of the court, and a bailiff had to be called in. At that stage the tenant disappeared, leaving the landlord to meet all the costs, which exceeded a year's net rent. The premises were found to be indescribably filthy, and the landlord had to pay for the removal and destruction of the contents. But that is only half the story.

It will cost about £700 to make the house habitable. Now with a rental of £120, half of which goes in tax, it would take over ten years to recover that outlay, without allowing for interest or further expenditure. At the end of the ten years, if not before, additional outlay is inevitable. There are tenants who would gladly put the house in repair in consideration of getting it at such an absurdly low rent, but if the landlord stipulated that they should do it *before* giving possession, or in consideration of getting possession, it would be regarded as the equivalent of key-money. If he gives possession first, the tenant can forthwith compel the landlord to do everything needed. The local authority cannot get permission to requisition the house. The premises could be let for a substantial rental for business purposes, but under another Act that is forbidden.

As the house is not available for sale, the landlord has apparently no alternative but to leave it empty to deteriorate yet further. He cannot even pull it down!

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Books in General

To translate the *Aeneid*, or the *Paradiso*, or *Samson Agonistes*, is hard enough, but at least the chief requirement in the translator is a compact one: that he should be able to reach and sustain one particular style of writing. With *Faust* the requirement is far stiffer. The translator has to run the entire range of language, from the loftiest to the most colloquial; he has to throw in a handful of splendid lyrics, touch off a few good jokes and a lot of bad ones, and at the same time keep up a coruscation of phrase as nimble as those aquatic fireworks which hiss and flutter as they hurl themselves across the surface of a lake.

For such exercises German is an ideal language, and English a remarkably poor one. To begin with, German is so big. It lies on the tongue like a great buttery steak while English lips curl softly round a delicate cutlet-bone. For purely technical reasons, too, it has a unique variety of rhythm, due to the number of its trochaic word-endings; and its syntax makes possible effects which are quite untranslatable into English—it can even poke fun at itself, as Hofmannsthal shows through the mouth of Ochs in *Der Rosenkavalier*.

It was therefore an immense task which Mr. Louis MacNeice took on when he adapted *Faust* for the Third Programme*—a task made unmanageable (one would have thought) by the adaptor having, as he declares, "next to no German." He further implies that it was only the act of translation which revealed Goethe to him, and that he leaned throughout on the advice of his collaborator, E. L. Stahl. And into the bargain he had to grapple with a practical difficulty—that for broadcasting purposes the two parts of *Faust* are far too long, so that 4,000 lines, or about a third of the whole, have had to be cut.

There can be no doubt of it—as a translation for broadcasting, Mr. MacNeice's work is a success. It moves fast and easily; it hops over the obscurities of the original; and such elements as there are of a continuous story in the two parts have been knotted together by the skill with which the cuts have been made. But as a poem to be *read*, Mr. MacNeice's *Faust* does not do so well, owing, perhaps, to his reluctance to see that Goethe was not struggling, with only intermittent competence, to write an actable play about Faust.

For it is unlike any other poem in any language. Although it follows the framework of the puppet-play which Goethe had known from childhood, it is very much more than the sophistication of a medieval legend. In *Dichtung und Wahrheit* Goethe has explained the situation in which he found himself at twenty-two:

> The marionette story throbbed and murmured with many voices in my head. I, too, had driven myself from one field of learning to another, and had returned soon enough with nothing but a bitter taste in my mouth. In one fashion after another I had tried to seize upon life and always came back the less contented and the less secure.

From that time on his life was spent digging deeper and deeper into the same story. Part One was written in fragments, and remodelled more than once over a period of thirty years. Part Two was then put by until old age, and completed only when he was 82—over sixty years after the first words had been written. No wonder that unity is hard to detect in the final result. It even escaped Coleridge, who could find nothing better to say than that, "There is no whole in the poem. The scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat."

To so long-drawn a struggle for self-discovery there is no parallel, except, perhaps, at a very different level, in Gide's Journals. But while Gide was building a self-portrait, a central stem strong enough to provide nourishment for the dependent creations which grew directly out of it, Goethe was trying to do something far more difficult. He was not at all interested in depicting himself, but striving to execute a work of art on two planes at once. For there is in *Faust*, Part One, the direct story-telling of a miracle-play, and imposed upon it the detailed examination of an intellectual state, clarified and reformulated during a lifetime of experience. Goethe's phases of self-discovery were therefore put to the benefit of his creation. The creation is a poem, not a diary, but there is something of the diary about it; the changing tones of sixty years can be felt in the verse and in the thought.

This is hard enough to unpick in the German, especially among the opacities of Part Two, where symbolism gets quite out of hand. But the translator of *Faust* entire has an almost impossible task if he tries to keep in step with Goethe. In the admirable collected edition of Goethe now appearing from the Artemis-Verlag in Zurich† an introductory note compares the whole to a cathedral:

> We know our ancient cathedral—how over an early Romanesque basilica a Gothic vault was raised, how side-aisles were added, the choir prolonged, the base of the tower turned round the other way, Renaissance doors built out, a Baroque facade tacked on, and at last perhaps an Empire chapel constructed at one side. Yet it is still the same ancient cathedral, a building which has grown into a unity, all the more convincing for its multifarious aspects.

Mr. MacNeice has tried to preserve this unity by keeping to a prosody identical with, or at least equivalent to, the original, and by aiming at a line-for-line version. But this brings up an immediate obstacle: that the same rhythms in English and German may be loaded with totally different significance. In quick conversational exchanges—for instance, in the Walpurgisnacht scene—the equivalence comes off very well; but the moment the dialogue deserts fantasy for feeling, Louis MacNeice's ear is much less sure.

To take a random example, Gretchen's opening lines in Martha's Garden begin:

> Ich fühl es wohl, dass mich der Herr nur schont,
> Herab sich lässt, mich zu beschämen,

and these Mr. MacNeice reproduces, with close fidelity to the sense, as

> The gentleman's only indulging me, I feel,
> And condescending, to put me to shame.

But somewhere the whole tone of the original has been falsified. The innocence of the garden has been exchanged for the archness of the Cadena Café in a university town. The sprung rhythm here is fatal to the simplicity of the verse, and the phrasing distorts the character of Gretchen into the bargain. Or again, the final chorus of the play:

> Alles vergängliche
> Ist nur ein Gleichnis,

which has a mysterious incantatory effect in German, turns in English into a sort of boating-song roll:

> All that is part of us
> Was but reflected.

It is a familiar difficulty. The loaded, opalescent surface of a German phrase usually demands a steady beat; it has to be squeezed into plain moulds, otherwise the richness of the language becomes oppressive. Furthermore, it can be given, by a skilful use of syntax, the kind of point and variety which in English are achieved by a fine ear for vowel-music and syncopation. That is why the German lyric often sounds painfully square or ballad-like to an English ear.

> A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
> In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides.

Wordsworth's is the English approach. The syllables are like spillikens—neat, neutral objects, rescued singly from the pile and laid in an order of values, among which the slight tilt of the rhythm in the penultimate line sends a delicious stir, a displacement affecting the whole stanza. But such effects are inherent only in the English language. They can very seldom be made to reflect a German original directly. So that although Mr. MacNeice's theory of equivalence sometimes works—as in *Gretchen am Spinnrade*—and then with excellent effect, more often an important element is found to have evaporated in the translation, except in long passages of conversation between Mephistopheles and Faust in which the idiom chosen—whether seedy or blowzy—is just right.

This comparative failure is inseparable from the method which brings Mr. MacNeice's successes. He would not have done so well with the jokes and the slang if it were not they, rather than the moments of pathos or sublimity, which suit his natural bent. He is a clever poet; but much of *Faust* is not clever poetry. Its virtue oozes slowly and painfully towards the heart like an injection of camphor. And even where cleverness is in place it can be carried too far. Thus, although there is a sense in which all great works of art are independent of their period, it is rash to set up the fiction that Goethe can be transposed into the language of the present day without embarrassment. Phrases like "Anything goes," "I never saw such an *outré* sight," "This is a fair to end all fairs," are not equivalent to any Faustian colloquialism, and they have the disadvantage of reminding us, by their faint flavour of panto verse, that the high-coloured patter of everyday speech is dated almost before the ink is dry.

These are not very serious objections, and they are irrelevant to the original purpose of

* *Goethe's Faust.* An abridged version translated by LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber.* 15s.

† *Gedenkausgabe der Werke, Briefe und Gespräche.* 24 vols. Artemis-Verlag, Zurich.

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this translation—that of bringing *Faust* to English ears as a living masterpiece. Nor is it easy to imagine that any better version will be made. In his *Life* of Goethe, G. H. Lewes throws up his hands at the inadequacy of all translations, and he gives an example.

> Walter Scott speaks of the verse of a ballad by Mickle which haunted his boyhood; it is this:
>
> The dews of summer night did fall;
> The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
> Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
> And many an oak that grew thereby.
>
> This verse we will rearrange as a translator would rearrange it:
>
> The nightly dews commenced to fall;
> The moon, whose empire is the sky,
> Shone on the sides of Cumnor Hall,
> And all the oaks that stood thereby.
>
> Here is a verse which certainly would never have haunted anyone; and yet upon what apparently slight variations the difference of effect depends.

And then he makes a more ambitious attempt:

> Sweetly did fall the dews of night;
> The moon, of heaven the lovely queen,
> On Cumnor Hall shone silver bright,
> And glanced the oaks' broad boughs between.
>
> I appeal to the reader's experience whether this is not a translation which in another language would pass for excellent; and nevertheless it is not more like the original than a wax rose is like a garden rose.

It is reasonable to suppose that Mr. MacNeice is by now heartily sick of Faust and all his works. Since, however, this version is likely to remain the standard one for those who have no German and yet possess too sensitive a palate for any of the full translations still available, he must be urged, for a later edition, to translate the Theatre Prologue—the only essential omission from the present text. The whole balance of the poem is upset without it—though clearly it would unwarrantably have held up the action for radio purposes.

ARTHUR PUMPHREY

NEAR THE DEATH OF OVID

"Now life alone is left me, to maintain
The matter of, and means of feeling, pain."
And the stylus loosed the last couplet
Into his Letters from Pontus,

Whose luminous, mythological resource
For nine years now had held a single course
To work at Caesar for escape
From those gale- and spear-swept frontiers.

And now, ill, he walked slowly to the general store.
Inside, amid the smell of rope and tar
Among the candles and sour wine
He spoke to the half-Greek

Proprietor, while under moon-cooled skies
The marshes glittered with the hint of ice
Out beyond the skin windows
And the stockpot's reek.

And he thought, over his barely drinkable pint
While the evening thumped with a
Sarmatian chant,
Once more of casual Rome and women
And his senses' long distress.

He had been the first to honour Lucretius,
portrayed
Welcoming poets to the shades, Catullus's shade.
Was their passion for sex or reason a sharper
Edge to the great gift? Yes

ROBERT CONQUEST

ASIA'S CHOICE

Asia and the West. By MAURICE ZINKIN. *Chatto & Windus.* (For the Institute of Pacific Relations.) 15s.

"I don't understand this country," an American said to me one day in Delhi. "These Indians just don't like us. Yet they are so pro-British, the British just can't do wrong." Mr. Zinkin's book recalled this conversation; indeed, it might almost be described as a scholarly reply to this American's dilemma, for although the title refers to Asia, it is with India that the author has the closest intimacy and of India that he so skilfully writes.

The thesis of *Asia and the West* is that whilst militarily "the defeat of Ho Chi Minh is Asia's priority No. 1," the clue to the future is to be found in India. The New China and Modern India he describes as "standing clearly for different systems and different philosophies" whilst the rest of Asia is as yet undecided which system it will emulate. China has already chosen "Communism and the totalitarian plan." India "has chosen membership of the Commonwealth and the liberal way." If the West "wants freedom to win," Mr. Zinkin argues, "then it must make sure that India offers a more successful model for imitation than China." This means an influx of capital. ("If India could have received the £500 million which China got from the United States in three years, its situation would have been transformed" is the author's lament.) To capital he adds "the ways of thought of a true capitalist society" without which "there is no hope for democracy in Asia." "Democracy nowadays," he maintains, "is everywhere judged by the economic advance it produces; it means the comfortable watch chains of Victorian England, the refrigerators of contemporary America." This is sharp sales-talk, tempting enough to the hesitant investor; many Indians might wonder why, if this were true, American big business has failed to obtain a single new customer from among the 400 million Chinese who were at one time considered almost "in the bag."

I was disappointed that after such an able diagnosis of the impact which the West has had on the peasant world of Asia in general and of India in particular, Mr. Zinkin had only such a slender constructive proposal to offer. It amounts to a dollar axis between Delhi and Washington as a counter attraction to the alliance between Peking and Moscow, and as a guarantee that India, which has absorbed "the essential concepts of Western liberal civilisation" will follow the path of the "Liberal-socialist who finds his inspiration in M. Blum and Mr. Attlee" rather than that of "the Communist who looks to Lenin for his doctrine even when he does not also look to Moscow for his orders."

Such a proposal assumes far too simply the desire or the willingness of other Asian countries to choose either Peking or Delhi as their spokesman, when reinforced by roubles or by dollars. Mao Tse-tung's face may be on one side of the note, but Stalin's is on the other; Pandit Nehru's photo adorns one side of the rupee, but Mr. Dalmia's is on the other. And, whilst President Truman's face may be firmly imprinted on one side of the dollar, General MacArthur's substantial shadow darkens the waterwaves. How often in one Asian country after another people said to me earlier this year: "We don't want to belong to any bloc; we want to develop ourselves. We know that we need outside help, but if it is associated with political strings or with requests for bases and alliance in the cold war, we assure you that such assistance only serves to create internal problems." In other words, the political repercussions of the nationalist wave which submerged practically the whole of Asia have emphasised the question of how foreign aid is distributed rather than the sweeping economic changes inherent in independence. How far-reaching those changes are and how great their economic potential Mr. Zinkin has illustrated in pages of valuable and illuminating statistics. The author's own background—the Indian Civil Service and now a representative of Lever Brothers and Unilever in India—qualifies him to write with authority on the economics of India. Yet the problems which have played so large a part in post-war South-East Asia have been far from exclusively economic; in Burma, Communists and Karens combined to slow down the progress which an able Government would otherwise have achieved; in Malaya, initial mistakes in Whitehall and, later, Communist tactics led to the present disastrous war; in Indo-China, French failure to come to terms with Ho Chi Minh and subsequent Anglo-American support for Bao Dai have undermined both the economy of France and the strategy of the whole Pacific area; in China, American support for Chiang Kai-shek and failure to recognise the Government of the New China provided a rallying ground for the Communists and then pushed them into a firm alliance with the Soviet Union; in the Philippines, as Mr. Zinkin himself points out, failure to deal with landlordism has led to the growth of the Hukbalahap guerrillas "despite the millions in help which America has given the Government," and finally, in Indonesia, two Dutch military actions plus an abortive Communist rebellion have wasted human and economic resources and delayed a stable society.

With these unpleasant post-war realities in their minds, the Governments and the peoples of Asia—and this naturally includes India—are not likely to see salvation in Mr. Zinkin's proposals for an influx of dollars into India; rightly or wrongly they suggest a new kind of imperialism. The only possible alternative is to make a reality of the United Nations and this means that sooner or later America must be willing to give up some of her present dollar sovereignty. If President Truman had followed Nehru's policy in Asia, the present outlook would be much brighter. And no American in India or elsewhere in Asia, would have reason to bemoan his unpopularity.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

WRITERS OF SPAIN

The Literature of the Spanish People. By GERALD BRENAN. *Cambridge University Press.* 40s.

Cultural entities sometimes have peculiar outlines and few are harder to define than the Spanish. The linguistic frontiers are at first too narrow, later too wide. Ethnology is a poor guide in a country where East meets West with such ease. The geographical criterion is not entirely satisfactory, but as applied in this book by Mr. Brenan it gives the best shape to a complicated subject. He concentrates on the Castilian mainstream, so excluding Portugal and South America, but some of his most interesting chapters take in Catalan, Galician, Arabic, Jewish and even the Latin writers when they link with the central theme. As a history of the most significant phases of Spanish literature from Roman times to the Nineteen-twenties his book seems certain to become a standard work. Nothing else covers the ground in so persuasive and lucid a way.

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to analogies with other literatures which serve to place his authors in a European scale: the accidental echoes of Villon in Jorge Manrique, the Virgilian heritage of Góngora and his prolongation in Mallarmé—and surely Valéry—Garcilaso's affinities with Spenser, the suggestions of Verlaine and Yeats in Antonio Machado. To notice these, even when the degree of kinship is contestable, is to recover some of the nearly forgotten freedom of humanistic scholarship.

Mr. Brenan's best chapters are on poetry, and his publisher's claim, that they throw light on its general nature even for readers who have no Spanish, is justified. He contributes his share to the rehabilitation of Góngora, who during the past twenty years has been emerging as one of the greatest of European "pure" poets. He is somewhat short with the Romantics; it is symptomatic of contemporary standards that Rivas, Espronceda and Zorilla together rate five pages in a book of over 450 pages. Limitlessly indulgent to childhood, we have become severe to adolescence. Lorca is outside the book, but the approach to him is implicit in the stress laid on the continual renewal of Spanish literary poetry from popular sources. The most fascinating example of their interaction is the relationship between the early medieval Arabic and Andalusian dance-songs and the question of their diffusion northwards into France. The key at the moment seems to be in the hands of the modern Spanish Arabic scholars. If it fits, it is possible that the verse of the Provençal troubadours, and so all European lyric poetry, will be found to have an Arabic origin. Mr. Brenan argues convincingly that the theme at least of the troubadours—the submission of the man to the woman which became the basis of Petrarchism—originated with the Spanish Moslems.

Mr. Brenan reduces to manageable proportions that tangle of lyricism, sadism, punctilio and imbroglio, the Spanish drama. He is excellent on the *Celestina*, Cervantes and Quevedo. His only overpraise, one feels, goes to the nineteenth-century novelists. It is doubtful whether they can have the resonance of the Russian, or even the French marathon-writers. The fault seems to have lain in their material, which so rarely failed earlier Spanish prose-writers. As Mr. Brenan admits in his Postscript, it may now be too late to propagate them—we should have read them long ago.

On such points this is a challenging book, but it is the better for it. Few histories of literature so successfully avoid both dogma and neutralism.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

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THE BODLEY HEAD

THE UNEASY TRAVELLER

The Phœnix in the Desert. By DUNSTAN THOMPSON. *Lehmann.* 21*s.*

The tourist's shame is that he is not the first to see what he does see. Earlier hungry generations of travellers have trod him down. Mr. Dunstan Thompson, a distinguished young American poet who flew to Egypt and travelled in Palestine, decided to exploit this uneasiness. He caught himself outside a mosque in Cairo, thinking "pseudo-serious thoughts before the louring structure," and he plays up to the fatal ambiguity of his situation. The result is a book of nervous attitudes and a good deal of the mind's small talk, very bright and very brittle; in the long account of the flight from New York to Alexandria this is very tedious. But once he is pitched into the crowd at Cairo and, above all, when he gets to Palestine, he is lively, amusing, sensitive and excellent. If the eye is jerky, it is a good snap-shooter—his impression that the streets of Cairo are filled with "processions of nuns and surgeons," is the right kind of image-making—and to travel in a state of nervous irreverence and inconclusive inquiry gives the proper illusion of fever and pleasure and fright. He catches the flimsiness of American and European impression in the Middle East, the anxiety of the Westerner, the tourist's almost dedicated absurdity. There was no mistaking the stares outside the mosque in Cairo:

> The eyes of the raffish vergers rolled and glittered, stared frantically, pierced me through; they were the eyes of mixed metaphors, outrageous, appalling, not to be endured.
>
> "No," I said to myself, "these are not friendly people." And the understatement somewhat reassured me against the radiant contempt on all sides.

That is self-consciousness at its best. If the author had been a little more self-sufficient and had cut the clever dialogue with the clever friend who travelled with him, one could put the book in the highest class.

Still, it is good that Mr. Dunstan Thompson has a lot to say for himself. This is a packed book. Cairo is done very well and without journalism. He faces the pyramids—rather small, the pyramids—he faces the Sphinx, looks at the chip on its nose, photographs the camel and has his fortune told. He goes to the City of the Dead. He sees the Holy Carpet borne in the military parade. He visits the Coptic Churches. ("Very historic. Real history. Now same as when God live here.") There is a night at a Coptic monastery: a very good chapter. Father Basil is a modest saint, delighted with small sins, a model of the monastic life. The author does people very well. The horrors of Egyptian poverty nag at the tourist's conscience. Why don't the rich women set an example? And what about the fortune grabbing?

> "What follows," Lovell says, "is nationalism. These riots are nothing but the Revolution of 1848 come to Egypt after a hundred years. You have an over-educated, dispossessed and militant youth which takes out its dissatisfaction by beating up foreigners and burning street cars."
>
> "Who's behind the mobs?" I asked.
>
> "Adventurers," Lovell said. "They always are. At present the riots are directed against the British. So long as that continues the pashas are safe. But once the British are gone. . . ."

Palestine follows. Concrete, barbed wire, cleanliness after Egypt, armoured cars, none of Egypt's Hollywood, more of the American Middle West, something of Hitler's Germany. In Jerusalem, at the Holy Sepulchre, the Franciscans and the Greek Priests were trying to sing each other down. Children threw stones at the travellers on the Mount of Olives. Absalom's tomb looked like a salt cellar. Bethany was a "scuffle of crumbling houses in the dust." The Jordan, for this defrauded romantic, was like any other river. Jericho was a flimsy Turkish village:

> an open square, a moth-eaten mosque, some cafés, and a couple of streets of donkeys, barefoot children and dust. Palm trees hung their heads all about like women washing their hair. The oranges in the groves looked made of glass . . . where was history?

History was five minutes off, a heap of broken pitchers, as high as a two-storey house, and no bigger than a single city block. "History lacks order and beauty and was, as always, small," Joshua's march round the ruins could have taken him very little time. Bethlehem: here the travellers were moved. The simplicity of the Church of the Nativity, the lonely darkness of it, made it seem grander than any cathedral. Nor was man or woman vile outside. The women wore kirtles and wimples—the dress of a Crusader's wife in the twelfth century. But the agony of the jolting car, the farce of the unsought travelling companions, the continual police searches, kept the history-seekers in the modern world. The East is split, the tourist is split; defrauded he makes a wry joke as the past is turned into the post-card industry and the roots of his religion and his civilisation are made derisory. He invents comic fantasies about the "situation"; pretends to see spies heading for the pipe line, adds his own Hollywood touches. Mr. Dunstan Thompson is very clever at this defence work which is indispensable to the egoistical traveller. I do not know how far his "wouldn't-say-Yes-and-wouldn't-say-No" attitude to the world outside America is typical of his generation. It is odd to see attack and vitality without assurance and, in a very readable and often penetrating book, a fear of showing the hand.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEW NOVELS

Tillotson. By PHILIP TROWER. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Crippled Muse. By HUGH WHEELER. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Rain on the Pavements. By ROLAND CAMBERTON. *Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Twenties, by now, have acquired much of the nostalgic glamour which my own generation attributed to the Nineties, and *South Wind*, for the young man of to-day, doubtless has the same kind of dangerous fascination as *Dorian Gray* had for us. This cult of the Twenties implies, among other things, a revival of snobbery, which (driven underground for twenty years by the Pylon Boys and the B.B.C.) has been rearing its ugly head in a number of recent novels; the taboo still operates, of course, but the more "daring" of the younger writers are beginning to write as "frankly" about the forbidden topic as we of the Twenties wrote about sex.

Two of this week's novels exemplify these tendencies: both are about Mediterranean expatriates, and both are primarily studies in snobbery. Mr. Trower owes much to the early Huxley (even his title seems an echo—*The Tillotson Banquet*), and his hero is plainly descended from all those tortured and tortuous young men (Denis, Denzil, Sebastian) who, in about 1920, discovered that Life was Futile. Jacob d'Albey makes a trip to Tortola, a kind of Trou-sur-mer somewhere in the Levant, to visit his uncle, a derelict æsthete of the Twenties with the delightful name of Uther Pendragon. Tortola's chief claim to fame, however, is Tillotson, the aged and world-famous art critic, about whom local society revolves. Jacob is always going to be introduced to him, but never quite succeeds; the friends who claim to be his intimates turn out to be his enemies, Tillotson plays off one against the other, and finally dies before the introduction is effected. This in itself would surely have provided an adequate theme for the novel, but Mr. Trower overloads his canvas, and, by introducing a number of sub-plots and

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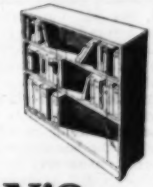

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passages of rather unconvincing melodrama, spoils what might have been a highly entertaining and intelligent "novel of ideas." The book begins promisingly enough, and the character of the futile young hero is amusingly analysed in the Huxleyan manner:

> Jacob thought that he loved the fine arts above everything, forgetting that he loved himself more . . . The fine arts were a necessary part of the picture he had of himself as a cultivated, brilliant, passionate and successful man. But one thing vexed him. He had never been in love, and he felt that his picture was incomplete . . .

But the promise of the first chapters isn't fulfilled; the plot is untidy and inconsequent, and too many of the characters are caricatures; most memorable, perhaps, is Uther Pendragon, the Bloomsbury young man of 1920 grown old—futile, mentally flaccid, the "intellectual integrity" of his youth turned to a chronic, queasy self-analysis. A rather disappointing book—but, for all its faults, intelligently written and easy to read.

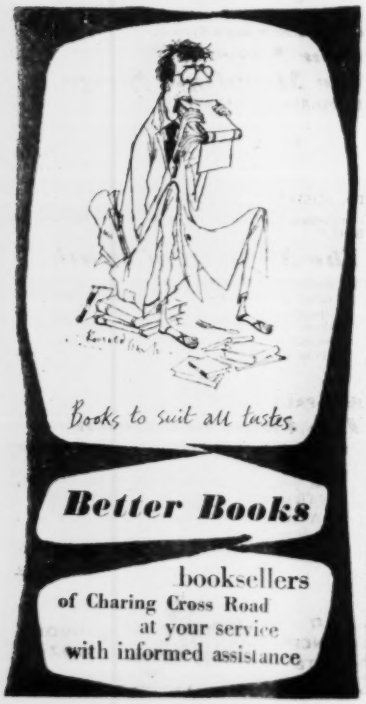
Mr. Wheeler has had the cheek to write a novel about Capri; hasn't the young feller read *South Wind and Vestal Fire*? Yes, indeed he has—and all the old gang are here: the Extraordinary Women and the queens (shades of Count Marsac!), the drunks and the dope-addicts, the venal magistrate, the influential Duquesa and the rest of them. It sounds awful; but *The Crippled Muse* is, in fact, very entertaining, and kept me giggling into the small hours. Such books, I may as well confess, are my favourite form of escape literature, and, if they're adequately written and fairly bawdy, I can wolf them down in any quantity. If this particular specimen is not up to the standard of its great predecessors (and how could it be?) it is at least a civilised and, at times, a very funny novel. The theme is oddly like that of *Tillotson*: the young man (in this case an American professor) trying to scrape acquaintance with the local celebrity—this time, it's an aged and vurry, vurry distinguished American poetess. The plot is complicated, outrageous and rather silly, but so, in a novel about Capri, it ought to be. Unlike Mr. Trower, though, Mr. Wheeler knows how to tell a story; *The Crippled Muse* is a less ambitious affair altogether than *Tillotson*, but it is, within its limits, very much more successful. Often Mr. Wheeler is naive and sometimes a bit pompous, the writing is too often flat and undistinguished, and the wit is just not quite pointed enough; there are some bad lapses into *cliché* — "coruscating brilliance," "motley pageant," etc.—and some of the characters are mere watered-down Compton Mackenzie; others are distinctly more up to date, and I liked, for example, the American novelist ("of the fashionable-dirty school") whose latest novel "dealt with a delicate twelve-year-old boy's infatuation for a one-armed Mexican field-worker."

I thought Mr. Camberton's first novel, *Scamp*, overrated, and *Rain on the Pavements* does little to make me revise my opinion of him as a writer; it is a carefully documented, realistic account of the boyhood and adolescence of an East-End Jew: the childhood parts I thought adequate if uninspired, but Mr. Camberton, like many another novelist before him, fails to steer his hero through the treacherous morasses of adolescence, and young David Hirsch ceased to be real for me after the first few chapters. He becomes (as they too often do) a self-conscious prig, a mere vehicle for the author's prejudices and, as such, obviously destined to end up in Charlotte Street—which indeed, in the last chapter, he does. The book is marred, moreover, by a series of irritating "flash-forwards" (as opposed to flash-backs); and I couldn't help feeling, all the time, that Mr. Camberton, at a loss for the right word, just wasn't bothering to hunt for it: any old word will do, and in it goes. I can hardly do better, in conclusion, than quote the comments of the hero upon an unsuccessful novel (its title was *Failure*) written by one of his boyhood acquaintances:

> Its style and technique were adequate, without easily discernible faults or virtues. Its theme was logically developed and completed . . . But around its simple and unexceptionable framework, there arose before David, in the pages of the unsuccessful and unread novel, a period and an environment . . ., etc., etc.

"Simple and unexceptionable"—true enough, no doubt; but *Rain on the Pavements* would have been a better novel, I feel, if it were less simple and rather more exceptionable.

JOCELYN BROOKE



POLITICS OF A MATHEMATICIAN

New Hopes for a Changing World. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Allen & Unwin.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Bertrand Russell the other day told the Americans that he began life as a mathematician, but when his mind had deteriorated so that he could not do mathematics, he became a philosopher, and then as with age the deteriorations of his mind made it impossible for him to write about philosophical subjects, he fell back on politics. The statement is not strictly accurate, as reference to a list of the books published by him and recollection of the 1914 war would show. The contributions of great mathematicians and philosophers, from Plato and Aristotle to Russell, to the science of politics and even to its art have been considerable and important, and not all of them have waited until their mental powers had waned to meditate on the social antics of the human race. There are, I feel, some signs of waning intelligence in Plato's *Laws*, which he wrote when he was nearly 80, but he had written *The Republic* forty years before when he was producing his profoundest and most unintelligible metaphysical works. Few men's politics remain the same between the ages of 25 and 80, and most of them, as they drift towards the grave, also drift politically into peevish and reactionary conservatism. If Russell had written a *Principia Politica* at the same time that he was writing *Principia Mathematica*, it would certainly have been a very different book from that under review, but not more liberal or radical, for he is one of the few thinkers who have become progressively less reactionary with age. I remember a long argument all through one summer Sunday afternoon in Cambridge before the 1914 war with Russell defending Grey's foreign policy and demolishing an opponent who maintained views which Russell himself was to hold ten years later. Nevertheless one cannot but regret that he did not give the world a *Principia Politica* when his mind was still good enough for mathematics.

Meanwhile one can be truly grateful for this book and its smaller mercies. His mind, in its 80th year, is a good deal better than that of most people who write about politics in their prime. It does not go very deep, for it consists of a series of broadcast talks which were entitled *Living in an Atomic Age*, and is therefore addressed and adjusted to the widest of audiences. But Russell does not talk down to his audience; the book is full of reason and a sweet reasonableness which are sorely needed in this worried, puzzled, and frightened age. He deals with the three types of conflict which are endemic in human society, the first of man with nature, the second of man with man, and the third of man with himself. He shows, simply and clearly, how these conflicts, in the society which emerged from the scientific and industrial revolutions of the 18th century, have produced inevitably the terrifying situation in which the 20th century finds itself. He analyses the nature of these conflicts in the contemporary world and explains what the world must do to resolve them. "One of the painful things about our time," he says, "is that those who feel certainty are stupid and those with any imagination and understanding are filled with doubt and indecision." He does not slur over or minimise the danger of complete ruin which threatens the atomic age if the certainties of the stupid and the hesitations of the understanding people continue to regulate our affairs. But his emphasis is on the "new hopes" in his book's title. He believes that the three conflicts can be resolved respectively by birth control, by world government, and by the protection of the individual against the hostility of the herd and against his own fears. He does not underestimate the difficulties of attaining these reforms, but he thinks that the first two might be achieved by the end of the century. Perhaps if the conflicts of man with nature and of man with man were once resolved, it would be possible to end the conflict of man with himself. Or is it the other way round?

LEONARD WOOLF

LIGHT ON CONFUSION

The Hundred Years' War. By E. PERROY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*

The Hundred Years' War is an alarmingly difficult subject for the general historian who wishes to be lucid and readable. There is no clear pattern, no obviously dominating theme; and the first impression is one of futility and confusion. Neither the English nor the French monarchy was capable of a sustained and effective direction of its war effort. In each country factious magnates intrigued to control the monarchy for their own ends; corruption and impoverishment produced risings which were repressed and reforms which were evaded; and political energy was dissipated in local feuds and urban squabbles. In a disintegrating western Europe the course of diplomacy was bewilderingly kaleidoscopic. The campaigns are equally confusing. Major preparations such as those of Edward III at the outset of the conflict, or those of Charles VI for the invasion of England, petered out ineffectually; while the victories of Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt were won by forces in retreat. Often the most formidable forces in the field were the independent companies, such as that which held a pope to ransom. But there is much more in this period than futility and disintegration; and it is anyway

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important to understand why the cultural and political achievements of the thirteenth century were followed by the international and social conflicts of the Hundred Years' War.

It is understandable that English historians, who have been busily rewriting the history of their own country in the period, should not have attempted a general account of the long and confused conflict. But French scholars have been much readier to attempt the bold surveys of the big subjects which are essential if professional historians are to see what the important unsolved problems are and if the general reader is to take an intelligent interest in history at all. Professor Perroy's book, written in the war when he was in hiding from the Gestapo, and now translated, is exceptionally good. He is determined to make sense of the conflict; and he does this by careful analysis, distinguishing clearly the constants of diplomacy, social structure and administrative resources from the variables of personalities and politics. But he does not oversimplify to the point of reducing his account to the dreary working out of inevitable results from inexorable causes. He reminds us that in 1328 a breach between England and France was improbable, and that no contemporary could reasonably have expected England, humiliated by the Scots and weakened by civil war, to inflict major defeats on France, so greatly superior in population, resources and prestige. Again, he points out that the settlement of the Flemish succession which in the long run endangered the French monarchy by building up the formidable power of Burgundy was at the time a major diplomatic success for France. By the same insistence on taking only contemporary evidence into account M. Perroy is able to strip away the accretions of legend and propaganda which later accumulated round individuals. Charles V was at eighteen merely a weak, unattractive and unpopular invalid; his Constable, Duguesclin, remained a self-important mediocrity; and Joan of Arc's influence on her contemporaries was barely perceptible outside a very limited region.

More remarkable than the freshness of the detail is the economy and clarity of the whole account. It is extremely difficult in handling such complicated material to keep the focus sharp, to maintain the movement of the narrative and to relate the vicissitudes of war and politics to the slowly changing social and administrative structures of the two countries. M. Perroy has not been completely successful: he is less sure in dealing with the English evidence than with the French and he raises more questions than he can solve. But it is worth considering why he has so largely succeeded. In part it is explained by the admirable firmness and conciseness of his writing, and much of this survives in translation. But it is largely due to the care which he has given to the planning of his book. Instead of composing a few long acts he has devised a succession of short scenes. In each of his thirty-six chapters he knows exactly what he wants to say, and his pages are never needlessly crowded or confused. He tells us that he wrote the book uninterruptedly in a few months, at a time when he could only consult a small stock of notes; and probably this concentration and urgency explain the clarity and coherence of the work. Too many histories bear the marks of having been written with constant consultation of authorities. M. Perroy's book suggests not perhaps that historians are the better for a spell of danger and isolation, but that it is easier to solve the problems of form and arrangement when the temptation to go on looking up points of detail is removed or resisted. It is unfortunate that this translation should cost so much more than did the original French edition, for M. Perroy's work is an encouraging reminder of the intelligence and clarity of French scholarship and deserves to be known outside a narrow circle of specialists.

J. O. PRESTWICH

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CHATTO & WINDUS

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Hard Way to India. By JOHN SEYMOUR. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16s.

The good travel writer is essentially a man to whom things happen; and if this suggests Mr. Wyndham Lewis's famous "dumb ox" the existence must be remembered of all the thousands of travellers to whom nothing ever happens at all. The travel writer's first aim, then, must be to set himself firmly in the path of things happening to him. Mr. Seymour did this by travelling by rail third-class from London to Baghdad and thence continuing his journey to India by bus through Persia. He owed his introductions to the countries he visited largely to contacts made in the train and they seem invariably to have stood him in good stead: a Turkish engineer took days off from work to show him Constantinople; an Egyptian Jew in Teheran deserted his office to walk with him over the mountains to the Caspian Sea, where they were automatically arrested as British spies. As the photographs that illustrate his book show, Mr. Seymour uses his camera with skill; he has a no less sure eye for what is interesting and significant in an unfamiliar scene, and all the time, whether in Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Persia or Pakistan, he persuades one that he is an honest and accurate observer, the more so because his generalisations are modest and because he is not afraid of reporting enthusiasm enthusiastically. His chapters on Ceylon, a not over-publicised country, have a value of their own. Mr. Seymour's style is a little too matey to be pleasing, but he has produced an extremely lively piece of journalism better worth reading than many more pretentious works that purport to explain the Near and Middle East to us.

The Illustration of Books. By DAVID BLAND. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

Book illustration is a form of art which does not easily attract the attention of the art critic or historian. Illuminated manuscripts, of course, have their experts, but the masterpieces of graphic art are too rarely paid the compliment of serious study. Mr. Bland, in his well-written book, has unfortunately not attempted an aesthetic-historical or critical study of the subject, but instead has written an invaluable historical survey, followed by chapters on modern processes of reproduction, on methods of displaying the illustrations on the page and other matters which are primarily of interest to the student or even the professional illustrator, who is too often uninterested in the purely technical side of the matter and thereby fails to get the best out of his medium. The historical chapters are of considerable interest to the general reader, but they are tantalisingly short and, in order to keep the price within reach of the student, the illustrations have had to be restricted, so that the joys of a book by Geoffrey Tory must be sensed from the text or savoured from memory. There are some strange omissions which cannot wholly be excused by restrictions of space. There is no mention of the greatest English eighteenth-century illustrator of them all—Richard Bentley, whose illustrations to Gray's poems had so great an influence on Rex Whistler. A second edition should really put this right.

A Prelude to History. By ADRIAN COATES. *Methuen.* 22s. 6d.

While much has been done during the last quarter-century to increase the mass, if not the clarity, of our knowledge of the Old Stone Age, we have lacked a world-wide summary of this work to succeed the classics of the Twenties, such as Burkitt's *Prehistory* and Solas' *Ancient Hunters*. Mr. Adrian Coates, who writes as an amateur exceptionally well informed about his subject, has now produced a book, which, while it must lack the status of these pioneer volumes, does provide a sound account of the first enormous phase of our history as it is now known. Mr. Coates is not only concerned with the physical and cultural history of the palæolithic hunters, but also shows an unusual interest in the undeveloped psyche and the language in which it attempts to express its intuitions. His chapters on Primitive Mind and Primitive Society have obviously interested him more than any others in his book and as a result are the most readable. Nowhere in his field has a more real advance been made than in human palæontology and Mr. Coates' account of the newly discovered simian and human species and sub-species is particularly to be welcomed; it is more doubtful if he was wise to include so long a section on the modern races of man as the links between them and their early ancestral stocks are still tenuous and uncertain. In his ambitious Introduction, History and the Prehistorical, the author is in danger of trying to enhance the apparent significance of his thoughts by the weight and solemnity with which they are expressed.

The Plain Man's Guide to Wine. By RAYMOND POSTGATE. *Michael Joseph.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Postgate advises on wine for the beginner. His advice is always sensible and sometimes pungent. Thus, English people should not bother about chateau-bottled wine, owing to the perversity of our customs system. Again, "it is probable that most of the girls in the country would be better for a half-bottle of Graves with their meals": at last a use for these sweet fluids. When he comes to particular wines there is not much new to be said. The wines of Bordeaux are the best and most varied in the world; and the only ones worth knowing in detail. All else is paradox. Still, Mr. Postgate gives Burgundy a good showing and Hock a better. Like every skilled wine-drinker, he speaks slightingly of champagne and advises (rightly) that it should be drunk from a tankard; it is an incomparable drink all the same. He tells enough about the wines of other countries to enable the reader to recognise the names on the bottles; but very few of these wines are reliable, except perhaps for some South African. Mr. Postgate throws in a few remarks on spirits. He is curiously cool on gin, and curiously enthusiastic on rum.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. MOZART: C major, K. 338 (Suisse Romande/Maag); D major, K. 504 ("Prague") (Ditto/Ansermet. *LXT 2614). The first of these hardly confirms the high opinion I had formed of Peter Maag from his conduct of the A major Symphony, K. 201. Compared with the excellent old Beecham set (hurry up, it's going to be deleted!) this is stereotyped. The "Prague" is an efficient performance up to a point, but not enough attention is paid to the

wood wind (the oboe tone is miserable), and the recording lacks top. SCHUMANN: No. 1 ("Spring") (Suisse Romande/Ansermet. *LXT 2602). An admirable performance in every way, but there seems to me not much to choose between this and the SP set (also Decca). The balance here is good, but the violin tone leaves something to be desired and the brass in *ff* sounds rather too angry.

Concertos. BEETHOVEN: No. 4, G major (Gieseking/Philharmonia/Karajan. LX 1443-6). A strikingly beautiful set, with the making of which, apart from a silly turn-over in the Andante, I have no fault to find. Fine as is Schnabel's rendering, in his post-war set, Gieseking's seems to me even more delicately thoughtful and profound in feeling. The orchestral tone is lovely (that in the Schnabel set sounds dry by comparison) and the balance exemplary. A double star. BEETHOVEN: No. 5, E flat major (Fischer/Philharmonia/Furtwängler. DB 21315-9). In the first movement Edwin Fischer surprised me by a firmness, a solidity and four-square trenchancy that I am unaccustomed to associate with this pianist. In the Andante his playing is beautifully placid, and he does not "scrump" the announcement of the Rondo theme, as almost all pianists do. Great virtues; but in the rest of the Rondo the playing becomes over-delicate and pin-pointy, and this, combined with the conductor's slow and feeble pulse, destroys the effect of romping gaiety proper to the music. The balance is good, but the piano is rather rubby and the orchestral tone becomes disagreeable above *mf*. The Schnabel set remains to my mind the best, with the Curzon (Decca) not far behind. VIVALDI: *The Four Seasons*, Op. 8 (Stuttgart Chamber Orch/Münchinger. *LXT 2600). This early example of programme music lends colour to the contention that Vivaldi is still an under-estimated composer, imaginative as well as technically outstanding. Described as "four concerti grossi," this work is in effect a violin concerto (the solo is played, with imperturbable excellence, by Reinhold Barchet). The performance is about as good as I can imagine and the recording admirable. SAINT-SAENS: No. 2, G minor for piano (Lympany/LPO/Martinon. *LX 3064). Miss Lympany has broadened and clarified her performance in this concerto since her SP recording. This is an excellent issue, well balanced and true in tone.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. WAGNER: *Tristan and Isolda*—Prelude, Act 1, and *Liebestod* (Philharmonia/Dobrowen. C 4111-2 and CS 4113). The Prelude is admirably played, with the most careful attention to Wagner's markings, and it is well recorded. In the *Liebestod* something goes badly wrong with the engineering, and the texture furs up. In any case, does anyone really want this passage minus the vocal part? BIZET: *L'Arlésienne*—Prelude, Adagietto and Farandole (Hallé/Barbirolli. DB 9656-7). How I wish conductors would perform either of the two suites entire instead of a conflation of both! It is not as if any of this genial music were inferior. However, as far as it goes, this is, I think, the best available version, for it is more vividly played than the Sidney Beer set (Decca) and excellently recorded. ROSSINI-RESPIGHI: *La Boutique Fantasque*—Suite (RPO/Kurtz. DX 1785-7). A perfectly adequate and well-recorded set; but readers are reminded that the suite omits some delightful things and that the complete ballet is available on LP in a most authentic Ansermet version. DEBUSSY: *Nocturne No. 2 (Fêtes)* (Philharmonia/Galliera. DX 1782). Altogether better than the version of No. 1 (*Nuages*) recorded by the same forces. There is a nice sense of atmosphere throughout and the dynamics are beautifully managed, alike by Galliera and by the engineers. SUPPE: Overtures: *Morning, Noon and Night* (RPO/Beecham. LX 1438); Ditto, *Light Cavalry, Poet and Peasant, Pique Dame* (LPO/Solti. *LXT 2589). The Beecham disc is a beautiful piece of work by all concerned. This is now the best SP version of a most charming overture; the cello solo, in especial, being much more sensitively phrased than it is in the Lambert record. The LP disc is equally good, with the added advantage of a silent surface. Indeed, it is difficult to see how these light-hearted works could be more affectionately played or more judiciously recorded. Another double star. MASCAGNI: *Le Maschere*—Overture (Florence Festival Orch/Serafin. C 4114). This light comedy, produced in 1901, was plentifully unsuccessful, but the overture—a brilliant scherzando—is extremely attractive. Performance excellent, recording only fair. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Casse Noisette*—Suites I and II (Paris Conservatoire Orch/Fistoulari. *LXT 2611). An efficient, but not in the last resort very exciting, performance. Interest in Suite II, which is hardly ever heard except in the theatre, is modified by the discovery that it is markedly inferior to Suite I.

Chamber Music and Piano. DVORAK: String Quartet, E flat major, Op. 51 (Boskovsky Qt. *LXT 2601). This is one of the most successful of Decca's LP quartet recordings. Willi Boskovsky's tone is too reedy for my taste; but he is a very accurate violinist, and the balance of the quartet is excellent. BEETHOVEN: Sonatas, Op. 10, Nos. 1, C minor, and 2, F major; Op. 79, G major (Backhaus. *LXT 2603). Backhaus' renderings of these smallish works are in the best tradition of Beethoven playing—clean, free from pedantry or affectation, and unimpeachably accurate. The recording is faithful. SCHUBERT: *Wanderer Fantasy* (Curzon. *LX 3059). A splendid performance ruined by a totally inadequate recording. Readers are reminded that this formidable piece is available in an excellent SP set by Paul Baumgartner (HMV Special Order). SCHUBERT: Impromptu, C minor, Op. 90, No. 1 (Schnabel. DB 21320). This beautiful piece, by turns grave and tender, is thought by some to have been originally intended as the first movement of a sonata. Schnabel plays it with complete understanding and the recording is admirable. CHOPIN: Sonata, B flat minor, Op. 35 (Horowitz DB 21312-4). Virtuosity by itself is to most of us a very horrid thing, and I must confess that I can find little else in this performance. Of course Horowitz astonishes: so did Rachmaninoff and Godowsky (in the same sonata), but they also gave us the essence of Chopin's vision, without resorting to the tricks, distortions of rhythm, and misplaced bravura to which Horowitz so lavishly yields, on the slightest—or no—pretext. The recording, too, is hatefully metallic. CHOPIN: Barcarolle, Op. 60 (Lipatti. LX 1437). What a relief to turn to this almost ideal performance! No playing to the gallery, no bravura, no distortions of phrasing; instead, the utmost intimacy of feeling, a complete accord between mind and fingers, and a consequent realisation of this wondrous piece more convincing than any other I ever heard. The recording, though not entirely without distortion in the heaviest passage on side two, is on the whole good. LIAPOUNOV: *Etudes d'Exécution Transcendante* (Kentner. LX 1428-36). These twelve large pieces were composed on the model of Liszt's famous Etudes. They are worthy successors, combining every feature of the most advanced pianism with beautiful, and in many instances characteristically Russian, melodic material. Louis Kentner plays this hair-raisingly difficult music with impressive assurance, never allowing his tone to become hard or ugly in even the thickest passages. The recording maintains a high level. Those who cannot afford the complete set are advised to go for *Terek, Nuit d'Eté, Harpes Eoliennes*, and the fine *Elegy in Memory of Liszt* which rounds off the set. MENDELSSOHN: *Variations Sérieuses*, Op. 54 (Cortot. DA 7042-3).

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Despite some fluffing in the more athletic of these variations, this set presents us with some of the most sensitively modulated playing we have had from Cortot for a long time. The tone is round enough, but there is occasional distortion, especially on side one.

Opera and Vocal. WEBER: *Der Freischütz* (Vienna Opera Ensemble/Ackermann. *LXT 2597-9). BIZET: *Carmen* (Opéra Comique Ensemble/Wolff. *LXT 2615-7). MASSENET: *Manon* (Opéra Comique Ensemble/Wolff. *LXT 2618-20). WAGNER: *Walküre*, Act 3 (Varnay/Sigurd Björling/Bayreuth Festival Ensemble/Karajan. LX 1447-54). The complete recording of an opera—or even of one whole act—must, I take it, be at all points above routine level, if our pleasure in it is not to decline steeply at each hearing. Shortcomings that are tolerable the first time, on repetition become unendurably irritating—especially if they are *exactly* the same each time (as on record they are bound to be). Only one of the above issues is to my mind good enough throughout to stand more than a single hearing. In the *Freischütz* set nearly everything is good—orchestral playing, balance, tempi, chorus and all the singers save one; but the performance as a whole is marred by the Agathe of Maud Cunitz, who is at no point more than barely adequate, and in "*Leise leise*" (the biggest and most important passage in the opera) she is extremely poor. The *Carmen* is a much worse calamity. I am credibly informed that Suzanne Juyol can be an outstanding dramatic soprano, but nothing in her Carmen, as here recorded, would lead one to suppose any such thing. It is monotonous, effortful, characterless, and quite without beauty of tone. In fact, the only good things about this performance are the orchestra and the minor characters. *Manon* is somewhat better. Janine Micheau, whose Micaela in *Carmen* is a wretched affair, makes an excellent Manon, and Libero de Luca's Des Grieux is as good as his Don José is tasteless. The minor parts are all admirable, and the orchestra is beautifully conducted, though far from perfectly balanced with the singers. On the other hand, too much of the music is cut, and I do not think it was a good idea to replace the "melodrama" (an integral part of Massenet's conception and most imaginatively used) by spoken narrative. This is brief and unobjectionably delivered, but it is a poor substitute for the original and is apt, besides, to make nonsense of the sung words which follow it. But on the whole the issue is worthy of a touching and often exquisite opera. The *Walküre* set frankly embarrasses me. No doubt a studio performance would have been impossibly expensive; no doubt too there are many who will derive pleasure from the "theatre atmosphere" exhaled by this ill-balanced recording. The orchestral playing is very fine, though mostly far too distant. But the degree of distortion is painful, and the principal singers appear to me—at least on this occasion—to reach about the standard of a provincial German opera house in the Twenties. I expect better things of the forthcoming complete *Meistersinger*. BERLIOZ: *Les Nuits d'Eté* (Danco/Cincinnati Sym Orch/Johnson. *LXT 2605). Grateful as we must be to possess at last the whole of this lovely cycle, we cannot, I feel, help noticing that all the songs are not suited to one voice—even when the singer has the technique and artistry of Mme Danco. This said, I have nothing but praise for her performance. The recording is adequate, but somewhat wiry and light on bass. WAGNER: *Parsifal*—Excerpts from Acts 1 and 3 (Weber/Philharmonia/Dobrowen. LX 1441-2). It would be hard to improve on either the singing or the recording of these excerpts, which contain the most lyrical passages from Gurnemanz's monologues. WAGNER: *The Flying Dutchman*—"Summ' und brumm'" (Act 2); "Steuermann! lass die Wacht" (Act 3) (Vienna Opera Chorus and Orch/Karajan. LX 1440). An attractive coupling, most vividly sung and excellently recorded. VILLA-LOBOS: *Bachianas Brasilianas* No. 5 (Bidú Sayão/Eight Celli and Bass/Villa-Lobos. LX 1439). A kind of aria the style of which unites in unholy matrimony Bach and Turandot. This odd affair, with its eccentric and grumpy accompaniment, may please some better than it does me: it is unquestionably very well sung, but the recording is very crude. MUSSORGSKY: *Song of the Flea*; TRAD.: *Song of the Volga Boatmen* (Christoff/Philharmonia/Dobrowen DB 21305). After Chaliapin's classic rendering of the *Song of the Flea*, I find Christoff's horribly overdone; but he sings the Volga boat song with dignity and fine tone.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,133

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Hollywood is now rediscovering the Old Testament as a source for films. The usual prizes are offered for a publicity hand-out for a new film to be made from an Old Testament story. Limit 150 words. Entries by October 20th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION, No. 1,130

Set by G. de Vavasour

The setter, anxious to acquire a set of Curses for daily or occasional use (suitable in household, family, work, travel, public affairs, etc.) invites competitors to send in suggestions, each to consist of a five-, six- or seven-line verse. The particular object or situation to be cursed, must, of course, be stated.

Report by G. de Vavasour

In *Lars Porsena*, that admirable handbook of imprecatory method and example, Mr. Robert Graves has analysed the decline of cursing in our time. And indeed, the small but keen team of research assistants engaged for the past week on testing the submitted curses has been able to report, to date, few positive results. It seems to me that what is lacking is not motive but appropriateness—a quality well illustrated in the one winning entry I cannot possibly put to personal use at the moment—that by Edward Blishen. L. G. Udall's opening (about a lipstick-wearer's cup) is another good example:

May the lip bequeathing this
Never joy in Adam's kiss.

The most practical curses, in fact, should be like these lines—precise, selective, dire; of exact application. Among the near-effective cursers I commend C. M. Walkerdine ("Cursed be she who neither goes nor stays"); Pippa, who properly scourged two neighbours—a Memsahib and loud-Light-Programme fiend; Catseye, whose lines prepared for the large luxury car owner had a dreadful poetry; R. M. Jaffray on Houseflies which "make my food their marriage bed"; also Allan M. Laing, C. G. V., and G. J. Blundell. Though they leave most of my own particular problems, alas, still unprovided for, I propose a guinea each for the six printed.

ON THE COMPETITION SETTER WHO FAILS TO GIVE ONE A PRIZE

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Meagre entries, misquotation,
Misprint, migraine, mutilation:
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May you horribly subside
To setting comps. for T——— and T———.

EDWARD BLISHEN

O may that fellow's arches fall
Whose dog defiles my garden wall
And bring him to his knees!
May toads sit on his window-sill
And ill-luck dog his domicile
And dog his dog with fleas!
And dog his dog with fleas! P. BULLEN

A curse upon, a curse upon
Who speaks of cycle, photo, phone,
Kids, lino, lounge, and may his term
In hell
Be perm. E. B. C. JONES

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LOOK younger, live longer! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure régime, with hydro, electro and dietetic treatments, in a delightful Essex Guest House, will revitalise your personality and poise. Folder: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halkway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

FLY to Ski with the Austrian Alpine Club. Members' special charter air service to Innsbruck. £26 return. Frequent flights from Christmas to Easter. Ski Parties to Club Chalets, including tuition, ski hire, guides for tours, travel, &c. 14 days from 27gns. Austrian Alpine Club, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 0942.

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SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for 5 "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

WINTER Sunshine in Bermuda, Madeira and the French and Italian Rivieras, also Paris week-ends, individually arranged by Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, Whitehall 4114/5.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 7s. 6d. Florentan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

SUNSHINE holidays in Winter. Glorious vacations in the warm sunshine of Palma de Mallorca, Ibiza, Malaga, Alicante and Canaries. A 15-day holiday, fully inclusive London return back to London from £31. For full details to See Spain Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 9351/2.

FRANCE is wonderful in winter. Revel in sport, sunshine and good living at French winter resorts so easily and economically reached by rail. Book reduced tourist or road-rail tickets on fast, comfortable trains. Couchette sleeping accommodation (1st and 2nd class). Through registration of baggage, skis, etc., from London (Victoria). Reservation, tickets and reservations from Travel Agents or French Railways, Ltd., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

ECONOMICAL planning has reduced many holiday prices. Winter sports, rambling or sightseeing, planned in an unusually pleasant way for people who like company or for those who prefer independent holidays, in ten different countries. Prog. from Ramblers' Assn., 48 (a) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTMAS/New Year: At our house party near Windsor or at Liphook, Hants, you will find not only the traditional Christmas fare and festivities but also friendly company, stimulating conversation and spontaneous gaiety. Ask for our "Christmas Leaflet" (Irma Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

JOHN Lamming will be pleased to send you details of his Swiss Winter Sports Party (Xmas and New Year) 10 or 15 days. Phone Chs. 6436 or write 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1.

CHRISTMAS Ski-ing party to Lech Am Arlberg, 4,350ft., Austria, December 21/January 6—join an informal party of young professional people. Box 6997.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 5 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £10.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 4982.

P.S. Weinachten in Osterreich! Noël en Suisse! Ski at Obergurgl, 26½gns., or Bretaye sur Villars, 28½gns.

P.P.S. Apply to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. November issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"ARMS and Mr. Bevan." New 32-page eleventh penny pamphlet by Emrys Hughes. From "Forward," 26 Cleveland St., Glasgow, C.4.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3050.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL.7924

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

PRE-war Novels wanted. No pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

SCHOOLS

ODAM Hill School, a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Essp., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PALINURUS School, Ebworth Park, Near Stroud, Glos., known for its serenity, has vacancies at reduced rates under bursary. Co-ed. 5-13. Progressive. Creative afternoons. Food reform (not exclusively). Spacious life. Common Entrance, &c., undertaken. Pers. tuition regularly. One adult to two children; difficult, backward child welcome.

STERLING House School, 33 Victoria Rd., W.8. WEStern 8399. Boys and girls up to 7 years, girls only up to 11 years. Prepared for Common Entrance. Car service. Apply Principal, Mrs. Venening.

WHERE TO STAY

WINTER in the West at The Carnarvon Arms Hotel, Dulverton, Somerset. Winter holidays or residence. Terms October to March, 5 to 6gns. Central heating, varied and good food. Billiard Room, fully licensed. Tel. Dulverton 2 and 184

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A charming house in secluded grounds. Ideal for long or short stay, conferences, etc. A.A. appvd. Tel. 3155.

THREE sisters invite paying guests to quiet country house S.W. France. Excellent air and food. Reasonable. Box 6137.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Spend Christmas in Old English Style: Jersey cream, log fires, good food, good company. O. & H. Hildinch, Port Isaac 234.

OLD Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Week-ends in the country. It's an easy train journey. Comfort, good food, club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

IT'S a Real Delight in Winter—to enjoy peace and quiet at Farringford Hotel in the warmest corner of the Isle of Wight. Excellent food, central heating, delightful countryside. Licensed, A.A. and R.A.C. appvd. Write for details to the Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.O.W. Phone 312.

JUPPSLAND Farm Guest House and riding stables, Adversane, Billingshurst, 'phone 98, Sussex. From 5 to 6gns. with riding; television; h. & c., electric fires. 75 min. by Br. Victoria, or Horsham Pulborough bus route.

ST. CORNWALL. Winter terms, £1 1s. Warmth and comfort. 'Phone Mrs. Cleall, Lerside, Mevagissey.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge House. Cent. heating. Comf. & good food. Billiards, library, etc. Perm. residents special rates. Fishing, golf, lakes. A.A., R.A.C.

FRENCH Riviera til the year round. Enjoy sun and sea, varied and ample menus, all modern comforts, at less than £1 a day inclusive. Write for brochure: English Manager, L'Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

GUESTLING Hall, near Hastings. A beautiful country house offering all the amenities to residents in an English country home. Overseas visitors especially catered for. Centr. htg. Cuisine a speciality. Write WHM, Guestling Hall, nr. Hastings. Pett 3283

ELECTRICITY

Why is there a Plant Shortage?

DEMAND FOR ELECTRICITY is still increasing more rapidly than supply. There is still a severe shortage of generating plant.

The post-war plant shortage was inevitable. In 1941 the Government ordered that no new power stations should be built except for war emergency needs. They knew then that this would mean a plant shortage at the end of the war and exonerated the supply authorities from all blame. New power station construction started in 1945. But a gap of four years had to be made up.

If the gap was to be bridged by 1952, then, from 1945 onwards, it would have been necessary to have *doubled* the pre-war annual record rate of construction (765,000 kilowatts, in 1938). This was impossible. A modern power station takes four or five years to complete. Materials and manpower were short. Factories had to be converted back to peacetime needs. Exports had to have priority. The early post-war years were full of difficulties for the heavy electrical plant manufacturers.

The following figures show what was in fact achieved.

CALENDAR YEAR	NEW PLANT ACTUALLY INSTALLED kW (s.o.)
1946	307,000
1947	340,000
1948	566,000
1949	703,000
1950	965,000
	NEW PLANT PLANNED
1951 & 2 (Two years)	2,150,000—2,650,000

And now the new Rearmament Programme has increased demand still further. The gap will be closed. Industry is capable of attaining the higher rate of plant construction now required. If plans for new plant go through smoothly in the coming years, there should be an end of power cuts by 1956.

BRITISH ELECTRICITY

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service. Applications are invited for the following post: Managing Director, Agricultural Loans Board, Gold Coast (27462/51). The Managing Director will be required to advise the Board in the performance of its functions and to establish the machinery necessary to carry out the policy of the Board. The appointment will be non-pensionable on Contract for 3 years in the first instance, including 3 months' leave in the United Kingdom or South Africa. Consolidated salary of £2,500. Gratuity of £37 10s. is payable on satisfactory completion of the period of engagement for each completed 3 months of service. Free passages are provided for the officer on appointment and on leave, also for his wife and for maximum of 3 children under the age of 9 if permission is granted for them to join him in Colony. Furnished quarters, for which a rent is chargeable, are provided. Income tax at local rates. Free medical attention. Applicants should be between 35-45 years of age, and have had several years' experience in a managerial capacity in a bank, finance corporation or a firm of chartered accountants. Special consideration will be given to applicants with experience of co-operative banking or agricultural credit, and to those with a knowledge of the economics of peasant agriculture. Applicants should have energy, organising ability and tact. Intending candidates should apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, S.W.1, giving brief details of their age, qualifications and experience. They should mention this paper and quote the reference number (27462/51).

STATISTICIANS in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for five posts of Statistician (Main Grade). Candidates must be at least 28 years of age on November 1, 1951. They must have a University degree with first or second class Honours, or equivalent, in statistics, or in mathematics or economics or other appropriate main subject combined with statistics; or having obtained their degree in mathematics, economics or other appropriate subject, must have been employed for a time thereafter for at least twelve months continuously on statistical work. They will be expected to have had wide statistical experience. Selection will be by interview. Salary scales: £1,000-£1,375 (men); £880-£1,200 (women); but in appropriate cases a higher starting salary may be authorised. Prospects of promotion to £2,000. Superannuation provisions under F.S.S.U. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4093/51; completed application forms must reach him by Dec. 6, 1951.

STATISTICIANS in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners announce a special competition for fifteen posts of Assistant Statistician. Candidates must be at least 21 and under 28 years of age on November 1, 1951; extensions allowed for service on a regular or short-service engagement in H.M. Forces and up to two years for other Forces service. There will be a written examination in English, General Papers, Statistics, and either Economics or Mathematics on January 3, 4 and 5, 1952, followed by interview. No degree qualification is necessary, but the papers will be of First or Second Class Honours standard. Salary scales: £400-£750 (men); £400-£650 (women). Prospects of promotion to £1,375 and to £2,000. Superannuation provision under F.S.S.U. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 96/51; completed application forms must reach him by November 30, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Applications are invited for the newly established Chair of Psychology. Preference may be given to candidates whose special experience has been in the field of Social Psychology. The salary attached to the position is £1,850 (Aust.) to which is added a cost of living allowance, at present amounting to £179 per annum. The successful applicant will be expected to commence duty as early as possible in 1952. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is December 7, 1951.

THE Central Council for Health Education invites applications for the appointment of Education Officer at a commencing salary of £1,100 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to a maximum of £1,400 per annum. The commencing point on the scale will be determined according to the experience and qualifications of the successful candidate. Duties will consist largely of lecturing to professional and lay audience throughout the country on general health education, educational psychology and technique. A high standard of lecturing ability is essential. Research experience is desirable. The successful candidate will be required to join a Staff Pension Fund. The officer should be willing to spend nights away from home as is required by the work. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Director, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Application forms must be returned, together with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, by November 30, 1951.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in English Literature. The salary will be within the range £A650—£A1,000 per annum plus cost of living adjustment (at present £A122 males, £A94 females), with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 30, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Commerce. Candidates should have had a thorough training in economics and should specify any special qualification in one or more of the subjects: Statistics, Public Administration and Finance, Banking, Business Finance, Industrial Organisation, Marketing and Transport. The salary scale is £550 - £25—£800 per annum plus a temporary cost of living allowance (at present £256 per annum for a married man and £109 per annum for a single man). A Government Commission is at present considering the question of the future of University salaries. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is December 7, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, Pietermaritzburg and Durban, South Africa. Applications are invited for the posts of Senior Lecturer and Lecturer in the Departments of Pure and Applied Mathematics, in Pietermaritzburg. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer, Men £600 × £25 - £900 p.a., Women £550 × £25—£725 p.a. Lecturer, Men £550 × £25—£725 p.a., Women £425 - £25—£600 p.a. Plus a cost of living allowance which is at present at the rate of £256 per annum for married men and £109 per annum for others. Initial salaries will be dependent on qualifications and experience. Duties to be assumed as early in 1952 as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is December 15, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Natal (Pietermaritzburg and Durban) South Africa. Applications are invited for a Lecturer in Geography, tenable at Durban. Salary scales: Men—£550 × £25 - £725; Women—£425 × £25—£600 plus cost of living allowance, which is at present £256 for married men and £109 p.a. for single officers. The initial salary will be determined in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is December 31, 1951.

HULL University College, Department of Adult Education, Committee for Education in H.M. Forces. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Staff Lecturer in International Affairs, well qualified in Geography or in Economics with Geography as a subsidiary subject. Salary £425 - £50 - £700, (£800 in special cases), with children's allowances and superannuation benefits. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Particulars from the Registrar to whom eight copies of the application should be sent by November 26, 1951.

CIVIL Service Commission. Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service and the Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service (Methods I and II), and the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service (arrangements as for Method II). An Open Competition will be held in 1952. Age limits 20-24 on August 1, 1952, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, and, up to two years, for other service in H.M. Forces. For particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application forms (to be returned preferably by post-card) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting 11/52 for the Administrative Class and 12/52 for the Foreign Service. Completed application forms for Administrative Class Method II and for Foreign Service must be returned by November 30, 1951 and for Administrative Class Method I by February 28, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant (full or part-time) for Greek Section. Thorough knowledge of Greek as a mother tongue, ability to read it fluently and agreeably and to translate into it English texts on a variety of subjects are essential. Other requirements include Greek education, familiarity with language now used by Greek press and radio, intimate knowledge of English, interest in modern economics and politics and good microphone voice. Knowledge of journalism an advantage. Salary £655 with prospects of promotion. Engagement will not normally exceed three years. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Greek P.A., N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CIVIL Service Commission. Special Departmental Classes, Methods I and II (i.e., H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers; Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence). An Open Competition will be held in 1952 for about 60 vacancies, the majority in the Inland Revenue Department. Age limits 20-24 on August 1, 1952, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, and, up to two years, for other service in H.M. Forces; and candidates at least 24 and under 30 on August 1, 1952, may compete under Method II if they have experience in employment in industry or social work particularly fitting them for posts in the Ministry of Labour and National Service. For particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application forms write (preferably by post-card) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 17-20/52. Completed application forms must be returned by November 30, 1951 (for Method II), or February 28, 1952 (for Method I).

THE Arts Council of Great Britain, Scottish Committee. An Assistant Director is required. Sound administrative experience and some general knowledge of music and drama are essential. Salary £900 per annum with reasonable expenses allowance. Applications, together with names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Director, 29 Queen Street, Edinburgh 2, not later than December 3, 1951.

ROYAL Naval College, Greenwich. Lecturer in the History and English Department. Applications are invited for appointment to this post at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, London, S.E.10, in January, 1952, or soon after if possible. Candidates should possess a First or Second Class Honours degree in one or more of the following subjects: History, English, Economics, Geography, Modern Greats. Their principal interest should lie in the affairs of the Modern World. An interest in e.g., Art, Music, Drama, is also desirable. Appointment will be as Junior Lecturer (Salary, £400 to £650) or Senior Lecturer (£750-£950), according to age, qualifications and experience. In certain circumstances, a starting salary above the minimum may be authorised. Advancement to higher posts is possible. Applicants must be natural born British subjects. Letters of application, accompanied by names of three referees and a statement of previous experience should be sent as soon as possible to The Director of Studies, Royal College, Greenwich, S.E.10, from whom further particulars may be obtained. The closing date for applications is November 30, 1951.

B.B.C. requires full or part-time Language Supervisors (British) in East and Central European Services. Applicants should have been educated (preferably to University standard) mainly in Great Britain, be of good cultural background, an interest in World affairs and ability to get on well with people of different nationalities. Specialist qualifications required are either knowledge approaching native standards in one of the following languages: Albanian, Bulgarian, Czechoslovakian, Greek, Hungarian, Polish, Rumanian, Russian, Serbocroat and Slovene, and Turkish, or a really good reading knowledge of two or more of these languages. Salary £655 rising to £840 or £745 rising to £965 according to qualifications; pro rata for part-time work. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Lang. Sup." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

TRINITY Hall, Cambridge. The College intends to appoint a Bursar who will be a Fellow and will receive a stipend of £1,000 together with certain privileges and allowances. His duties will include the care of the property of the College and its domestic arrangements. Candidates, who preferably should be not less than 35 and not more than 55 years of age and have academic qualifications or interests, are invited to write for further particulars of the post to: The Secretary to the Master of Trinity Hall, Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Applications should be received not later than Jan. 1, 1952. The office will be vacant in June, 1952.

POSTS as Assistants Abroad. Applications are invited for posts as Assistants in French, Swiss, Austrian and German schools. Posts will be tenable for the whole of the school year, 1952-1953. Assistants will be expected to take small groups for English conversation and private lessons. They will receive a maintenance allowance to cover reasonable living and personal expenses. Applications are normally restricted to graduates and under-graduates in their second year, preference being given to those who have special qualifications in French and German. The upper age limit is thirty years. Applications should be made as soon as possible. Closing date: December 7, 1951. Particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, External Relations Branch, Ministry of Education, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

CORRESPONDENT (male) with export experience required by City Confirming House. Knowledge of French essential and Italian an advantage. Apply Box 6947.

AT your service for introductions to secretarial posts in Central London. Call and see Miss Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERNATIONAL Labour Office. Applications are invited for posts in the Translation Service of the International Labour Office, Geneva. Qualifications required: 1. Mother tongue: English. 2. Age between 23 and 35 years on December 15, 1951. 3. University education or the equivalent in experience. 4. Extensive knowledge of French, including familiarity with French thought and institutions. 5. Similar knowledge of Spanish. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from: The International Labour Office, 38/39 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1, on application with stamped, addressed foolscap envelope. The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is December 15, 1951.

BERKSHIRE Education Committee. Children's Hostel, "Summerfield," Wootton Road, Abingdon. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Deputy Matron at the above-named hostel, which accommodates 15 boys and girls between 5-11 years, attending outside school. The full staff consists of a Matron, Deputy, two Assistants (or one Assistant and Resident Cook) and a part-time domestic helper, and is administered in co-operation with the Child Guidance Clinic. The post offers valuable experience for persons interested in the wider implications of residential care, and in fitting children for normal home life. Salary will be at the rate of £221 per annum (with free board residence). Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned. W. F. Herbert, Director of Education, Shire Hall, Reading.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Instructress in Rural Domestic Economy. Applications are invited from women of suitable qualifications and experience for permanent appointment to the above post. Duties will be to give advice, talks and demonstrations to Women's and Adult Organisations in the County on cookery, preservation and bacon curing. Qualifications in domestic science (especially cookery) are essential. Salary will be on salary scales £338 - £15 to £504 per annum, plus a special allowance of £100 per annum. Forms of application and conditions of service may be obtained on receipt of a stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, and should be returned within 14 days of this advertisement.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health, "Duncroft" (Approved School for 25 Senior Girls). Two members of Staff are required for this school which receives girls of good intelligence who seem able to benefit by psychiatric treatment: 1. Assistant having nursing experience, who will be responsible for the health and general well-being of the girls and who will work under the direction of the school medical officer and the school psychiatrist. Salary will be in accordance with the Rushcliffe Scale. 2. House Instructress to be responsible for the organisation of housework and for the training of a small group of girls doing this work as part of their school domestic science course. Salary scale £290—£485 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. An additional London Allowance is paid in both cases. Applications should be made, in the first instance, to the Headmistress, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex.

ST. Bernard's Hospital for nervous and mental disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Assistant Occupational Therapist (Female) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council Salary Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three references, to Physician Superintendent.

ST. Bernard's Hospital for nervous and mental disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Assistant Occupational Therapist (Male) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council salary scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three references, to Physician Superintendent.

APPLICATIONS invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Y.M.C.A. Secretaries. Applicants should have a sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth, and good health. The Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/11, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

APPLICATIONS invited from experienced candidates for post as matron to a group of boys, 9-14 years. Applicants should be interested in the welfare of deprived and maladjusted children and must be prepared to join in the activities and interests of the Community. Salary according to experience. Apply Miss L. M. Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Beadle at a Liberal Jewish Synagogue. Applicants must be Jewish and between the ages of 35 and 40 and should be willing to undertake Sexton's duties when required. Apply in writing: Sec., Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8.

TO MAKE A LONDON TAXI HAG-RIDDEN.

Can be used when (a) it picks up another fare instead of you, (b) the driver has no change or (c) is generally unco-operative.)

May the devil and his dam
Mix thee in a traffic jam.
Hounds ditch, black heath, woe burn square,
Auld witch fox all thoroughfare.
Fare be fowl, and foul thy fare
Breakdown in the fog and filthy air.

JOYCE JOHNSON

GENERAL CURSE

Here's a curse on him who dares
To poke his nose in my affairs.
Be he doubly self-accursed ;
Once because he hopes the worst,
Twice because he's sure to find
What will gratify his mind. A. M. SAYERS

CHESS : Coin a word for Zwischenzug

No. 110

When, more than two years ago, I invited readers to coin a word for *zugzwang* I didn't mean it quite seriously ; for that word surely has come to be as ineradicable a term of international chess as, say, *j'adoube* or *en passant* or *pièce touchée*. But since it does not seem to apply quite as unalterably to that equally indispensable term *zwischenzug* I do hope readers will think of a really suitable synonym, thereby earning my munificent special prize—1 gn. chessbook-token for the winner, ½ gn. consolation prize—as well as undying fame and eternal gratitude for having rid the English-speaking chess world of an ugly tongue-twister. Here—Cholnovsky-Thibaut, Brussels 1947—is a pretty example of *zwischenzug* with a vengeance.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(6) Kt x P	B-Q2
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(7) Kt-B3	B-B3
(3) Kt-Q2	P-QB4	(8) B-Q3	Kt-KB3
(4) P-QB3	P x QP	(9) KtxKt ch	Q x Kt ?
(5) P x QP	P x KP	(10) B-KKt5	B x Kt

This was the *zwischenzug* Black had relied on, but White has a better one forcing immediate resignation—(11) Q-B1 !

Here—van Steenis-Wechsler, Hastings, 1947—is another example.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(4) P x P	Q x P
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(5) Q-Kt4	Kt-K2
(3) Kt-QB3	B-QKt5	(6) Q x KtP	Q-K5 ch?

To look after one's RP may be quite commendable ; but this injudicious *zwischenzug* was swiftly punished by (7) K-Q1 ! !

Here finally — Prins-Pomar Gijon 1951 is a most instructive case of *zwischenzug*, or more precisely a couple of *zwischenzüge*. If Black, by Q-B7, were to threaten immediate perdition his wily opponent would escape by castling and live to enjoy his material superiority. So Pomar's shrewd *zwischenzüge* were a couple of Kt-checks at Q6 and B5. Then, with the opponent's K back at his starting point but no longer able to castle, Black could make the truly " smashing " move, Q-B7. I wonder if Pomar when executing that shrewd little manoeuvre knew of this pretty 4-mover composed by E. Zepler 22 years earlier.

A : E. Zepler 1929

As Eurwe has pointed out in that excellent journal *Deutsche Schachblätter*, there is indeed a striking similarity of basic ideas in the problem and the game-position. After so broad a hint 5 ladder-points should be more than ample rating for **A**. As for **B**—White to win—this is one of Rinck's masterpieces, and some competitors probably know it ; those who don't will hardly find it over-rated with 7 points, even if I give the useful hint that the *coup de grâce*, so far as

B : Henri Rinck

C : Domenico Ponziani 1782

Black is concerned, may well be called the *zwischenzug* between life and death. As for **C**—White to mate in 7—this piece, though very nearly 170 years old, makes a refreshingly vigorous impression. It is quite easy enough, though, to be well and truly rated 5 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by November 19.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set October 20

A : (1) Kt-B4 ch. K-K5. (2) Kt-K2. K-B6. (3) Kt-Q4 ch. K-B5. (4) B-B7 ch. K-Kt5. (5) Kt-B2. K-B6. (6) Kt-K3. K x Kt. (7) B-Kt6 ch. followed by B x P, etc.

If (3) . . . K-Kt5. (4) Kt-B2. K x P. (5) Kt-K3. followed by B-B7, etc.

If (4) . . . K-Kt4. (5) Kt-B3 ch. K x P. (6) Kt-Q2 followed by B-Kt6, etc.

B : (1) B-B5. R-B1. (2) B-Kt6 ch. K-Q1. (3) B-B7. P-R4. (4) K-Kt1. P-R5. (5) K-B1. P-R6. (6) K-Kt1. P-R7 ch. (7) K-R1. etc.

C : (1) Kt-K3 ch. K-Kt6. (2) Q-Kt4 ch. K-B7. (3) Q-B4 ch. K-K8. (4) Q-B1 ch. K-Q7. (5) Q-Q1 ch. K-B6. (6) Q-B2 ch. K-Kt5. (7) Q-Kt2 ch. Kt-Kt6. (8) Q-R3 ch !. K x Q. (9) Kt-B2 mate.

Some competitors failed to see all the subtleties of **A**, others overlooked the final Q-sacrifice in **C**. Even so, I got too many correct solutions to mention them all. Gerald Abrahams kindly pointed out that in **B** the author's solution is " cooked " by O-O. The only other one to see the flaw of O-O not being demonstrably illegal (and to suggest a cure similar to Abrahams) was D. E. Cohen ; and since he also provided solutions of **A** and **C** he shares the week's prizes with R. Chandra, R. C. Chaturvedi, F. A. Rhoden.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COMMUNITY School (11-15 years) requires practical well-educated man for general supervision, hygiene, spare time activities, including games, crafts, music. Able to work efficiently; cordial atmosphere; residential. Weschope Manor School, Near Craven Arms, Salop.

LEADER-Writer wanted for London newspaper. Qualifications: Keen interest in politics; lively, vigorous style; preferably experienced in newspaper work. Write, enclosing specimens of work, to Box 6995.

COUPLE wanted, pref. teacher and matron, willing to take over boarding department of a London Day School with a view to becoming partners. Efficiency, sense of vocation. January. Box 6953.

PERSONNEL Officer, large West London Factory, requires Assistant to help with general duties including editing Works Magazine. Applicants must be able to type and should possess a good general education. Age 21-35. Sal. £4 10s.—£5 10s. Box 6923.

PRIVATE secretary required (female) for Kensington office. Shorthand, typing and good knowledge of German language. Varied and interesting work. State experience (age immaterial), salary. Box 6907.

SHORTHAND/typist required by film booking department of the British Film Institute. Previous experience in the film trade an advantage. Salary on scale £5 10s. per week × 4s. to £6 10s. Successful applicant will be required to join the Staff Superannuation Scheme. Apply to 4 Great Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 0581.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7.0 (ex. Mon.), St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Third Person." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Hawthorn Grove," a Russian Comedy, Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. only.

"THE Flies" by Jean-Paul Sartre with Yvonne Mitchell, Mary Hinton, Abraham Sofaer and David King-Wood at the New Theatre, Sun., Nov. 25. Produced by Rupert Doone for The Group Theatre. For terms of membership, prices of tickets apply Sec., 5 Goodwin's Court, W.C.2. TEM. 7631.

INTERNATIONAL Theatre Week is being observed at the New Lindsey Theatre by Jane Wenham, Patrick Boxill and the International Theatre Group in Leo Ferreto's "Angelica," produced by Pierre Rouve. Opening Tuesday, Nov. 13, for 3 weeks. Nightly (ex. Mon.) 8. Sat., Sun., 5 and 8. Box Office Exy. 2512. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Nov. 11. Max Ophuls' "Liebelei" (A). From Nov. 12: Max Ophuls' "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Nov. 11, 7.30. "Masterade" (A) (Austrian).

NEW Era Film Club presents "Liberated China," colour film from New China. "The Lion & The Hare" (USSR). "To Be A Woman," Hammer Theatre, 113 Wardour St., W.1, Fri., Nov. 16, 7.30 p.m. Members 2s. 6d., guests 4s. 6d. Details, tickets and membership: A. Miller, 166 High Rd., N.15.

TALIESIN Poetry and Music Group, Tuesday, Nov. 13 at 7.50, Recital by Mary Cromwell: operatic arias and songs, and Mary Grew: dramatic reading of Schiller's "Mary Stuart" and poems. Friends' House, Euston Rd. Programme admission.

"THE Rake's Progress" (Stravinsky)—an introduction by Eric Walter White with musical illustrations by some members of the Venice cast, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 6 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1.: Dec. 9, "Billy Budd"; (Britten). Parties from Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

71ST Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Thurs., Nov. 15, at 7. Fauré, Debussy, Poulenc, Honegger, Cello Sonatas: Pierre Fournier and Ernest Lush. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Youth Centre present a grand November Social, Dancing. Sun., Nov. 11, 8 p.m. 13 Chelsea Embankment. 2s.

SOUTH AFRICAN Student Assn. Dance, Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill. Fri., Nov. 16, 8 p.m. 3s. Buffet Bar. All welc.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Annual Dinner-Dance. Guest of honour, Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P. Wed., December 19, 6.45 p.m. for 7.15 p.m. at Tuttons Restaurant, 18 Charing X Road, W.C.2. Tickets 14s. 6d. each from Miss M. McMillan, 52 Hampstead Way, N.W.11 (enclose s.a.e.).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints for Christmas presents. Frames should be ordered now. Complete range on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 6d. post free.

WILLIAM Dobson, An Arts Council Exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Wkdays. 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Adm. free.

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LEIGHTON House, Holland Pk. Rd., Kensington. Retrospective Exhibition Paintings 1950-1936. Henry Belton. November 7-19. Weekdays 11-7; Saturdays 11-5. Station: Kensington High St.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Bryan Robey. Till Nov. 17. Mon.-Sat., 10-5.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Painting & Works by G. Loiseau, 1865-1915.

EDVARD Munch. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged in conjunction with the City of Oslo. Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 1. Weekdays 10-6; Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

GEORGE Melhuish—recent paintings. Ivybridge Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Until Dec. 1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. Recent Paintings by George Hooper and Elmslie Owen. Also A.I.A. Lithographs. 11-6 incl. Sats. Until Nov. 19.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Henri Laurens, Sculptures, Drawings, Prints. First Exhibition in England. Week-days 10-5, Saturdays 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Jewish Artists. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 2-5. Until Dec. 2.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New painting by Humphrey Spender; Patrick Heron; & Fred Uhlman. Groups of drawings by Graham Sutherland, Keith Vaughan, Prunella Clough & Zulawski. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leic. Sq. New pictures by Cecil Collins and Mary Potter. Florence Engelbach Memorial Exhibition. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Reception on Nov. 28, 8.30-11 p.m. Preview to Arts Council Memorial Exhibitions of Jankel Adler and Bernard Meninsky at New Burlington Galleries. Members should apply for tickets to C.A.S., Tate Gallery (12s. 6d. including wine & refreshments).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters (6th Series) 45 Paintings—Boudin, Degas, Forain, Monet, Picasso, etc. Daily 10-5, Sat. 10-12.

PICASSO Drawings. Institute of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon. to Sat. 10-6.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Beautiful French Paintings between 1815 and 1915. Fabric Collages by Marthe Roland.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Paintings by Bonnard and Vuillard. Designs for "Tiresias" by Isabel Lambert. Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1. Until December 8.

PAUL Nash's Camera. An exhibition of photographs by Paul Nash. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Nov. 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: "Is This Socialism?" Note new dates: Tuesdays, Nov. 13, 20, 27, Dec. 4. Mary Stocks, Walter Padley, M.P., Alex Comfort, Anthony Crosland, M.P. Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, at 7.15 p.m. Single Tickets 2s. 6d. & 4s., Series 6s. 6d. & 10s. 6d. Apply: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London. The Stamp Memorial Lecture entitled "The Balance of Payments" will be given by Professor L. C. Robbins at the University of London, Senate House, entrance from Russell Square or Malet Street, W.C.1, on Tuesday, November 20, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

ALCOHOL and the Road User: Conference, Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1, Saturday, November 24, 10.30-12.30; 2-4. Professor A. J. Goodhart; Dr. F. A. Gorsky; Guy Sixsmith, Cardiff Stipendiary; Dr. Henry Yellowlees. Tickets 1s. 6d. at door or from Pedestrians' Association, 44/45 Fleet St., E.C.4. CITy 5116.

ALL Nations Social Club, "The Far East." Dorothy Woodman, editor of "Asian Horizon" and a contributor to "The New Statesman" (in the series "The New Statesman Speaks"). Thurs., Nov. 15, at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1. (Behind Cumberland Hotel.) Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

DISCUSSION Forum: "Co-operation and Nationalisation: Conflicting or Complementary?" Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road (nr. Victoria Stn.), Nov. 14, at 7.30 p.m. N. Barou, Ph.D.(Econ.), John Corina, John Parker, W. T. Williams. Chair: Joseph Reeves. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee. Admission free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Nov. 13, Mrs. T. C. Lindsay, "Religious Education in Schools." Admission free. Collection.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 11, Hutton Hynd, "The Ethics of Self Sacrifice." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Th., Nov. 15, 6.30 p.m. Dr. René Sand: "Social Medicine and Human Progress." Fri., Nov. 16, 1 p.m. Louis Camu: "Reflections on Belgium's Economic Situation." Free.

"THIS House suggests that H.M. Government make humble petition to Congress for the incorporation of the U.K. into the U.S.A." Debate, Nov. 16, 8 p.m. Visitors welcome. University House, Victoria Park Sq. E.2. V. near Tube (Bethnal Green Stn. Central Line) or bus 8, 60, 653 to that point.

ANGLO-Russian Relations: A Conference on "Russia" by H. S. Crossman and R. Palme Dutt: Saturday, December 1, 2.30 p.m. Beaver Hall, Gt. Trinity Lane, E.C.4. Tickets 1s. 6d. Tea should be ordered with applica. (Not payable in advance, 1s.) Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

CELEBRATE the 34th Anniversary of the U.S.S.R., Empress Hall, Earls Court, 3 p.m., Sunday, November 11. Dean of Canterbury, S. O. Davies, Harry Pollitt, distinguished Soviet visitors, Hanwell Silver Band. Presentation of Declaration of Friendship from London to Moscow. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s. 6d. (5% disc. on block bookings of 20 or more from Educ. Ctee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer Street, E.C.1.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. Jack Coates and Marcus Sims on "What do we mean by the Human Person?" Conway Hall, Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7.30 p.m.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mon., Nov. 12, Mr. Justice Karminski on "Communal Work in the Welfare State." 33 Seymour Place, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. November 17 at 6 p.m. Herr Wilhelm Ungar, "Das kulturelle Leben im gegenwärtigen Deutschland."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"DOES Russia Want War?", Mrs. Nancy Silverman and Dr. Barber will speak at Parliament Hill Girls' School, Highgate Rd., N.W.5. Mon., Nov. 12, at 8 p.m. Adm. free.

"WRITING for Children in Poland." Talk by Barbara Morris at Polish Cultural Inst., 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Nov. 16, 7.45 p.m. Chair: Pearl Binder.

BIOLOGICAL Research in U.S.S.R. 1948/1951. SCR Science Section meeting. Role of Environment in Flim Development (Dr. Morton); Enzymes & the Living Cell (Dr. Trim); Animal Embryos & Cells (Dr. Ross); Relation between Living and Non-Living Matter (Prof. Bernal). Chairman Dr. Manton, F.R.S., Fri., Nov. 16, 7 p.m., Anatomy Theatre, University College. Admission 1s.

"THE Place of Science in Soviet Education." Prof. H. Levy (SCR Educ. Section). Chair.: Prof. L. S. Penrose. Tu., Nov. 13, 7.30, Inst. of Education, Malet St., W.C.1. Adm. 1s.

"IS Death a Problem?" Mrs. L. J. Bendit, authoress, psychologist & psychic, Room 17, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Nov. 15, 7.30.

SEX Education Society. Mr. H. Cutner will speak on "Sex and Religion," at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C., at 7.30 p.m., on Monday, November 12. Non-members 2s. admission. Inquiries with stamped addressed envelope to Secretary, 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W. Welbeck 7840.

"THE Nature Cure point of view on Disseminated Sclerosis." James C. Thomson, Principal of the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, speaking at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 7.30 p.m., November 15. Admission at door 2s. 6d. Organised by London Personal Health Association, 72 Leathwaite Rd., S.W.11.

ST. MARYLEBONE Fabian Society Dinner-Meeting, Tony Crosland, M.P., on "The Election & Future Prospects" at the Classic Restaurant, 102 Baker St., Nov. 14 at 7 p.m. Members 4s. 6d., non-members 5s. Reservations: CUN. 6546.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall: Lecture & Film Show "Vivere in Pace" ("To Live in Peace"). Mon., Nov. 19 at 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Send P.O. & S.A.E.: Mrs. Shelley, 2 White Ct., Platts Lane, N.W.3. Org. by Hampstead Peace Council.

"TWENTY-FIVE Years of Broadcasting." A lecture will be given by Stuart Hibberd, B.B.E. for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 12, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Nov. 13: "Right Activity."

HEINRICH Fraenkel: "Germany Now," Hampstead Ethical Soc., 42a Weedeve Rd., N.W.2 (Buses 16, 60 to Minster Rd.) Sat., Nov. 10 at 2.45.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Current Exhibition Picasso Drawings. Nov. 12: Lecture "Abstract Painters in America" (Thomas Hess). Nov. 14: Lecture "Technique of Painting" (Helmut Rubeman). Nov. 15: Course in Contemporary Art, No. 2 (J. P. Hodin). Nov. 16: John Joubert String Quartet.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Nov. 14, 7.30 p.m. at St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Government of Israel," Hon. Edwin Samuel. Adm. 1s. 6d.

"FUNDAMENTALS of Self-Healing." Mrs. Adelaide Gardner. Sun., Nov. 11, 7. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

H. J. Blackham. "The Necessity of Democracy." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Nov. 11, at 11 a.m.

DUDLEY Glass will speak on "Australian Wonderland" (illustrated), Nov. 16, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. Free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcomed. Nov. 11: Death—Heaven—Hell.

YOUTH Conference to celebrate International Students' Day, at Leslie House, 20 Pont St., S.W.1, on Sat., Nov. 17, at 2.30 p.m., also Exhibition on the Life and Work of Julius Fucik opening at 5.30 p.m., followed by Party at 8 p.m. Ivy & social dance. All welc. For further particulars enq. British-Czechoslovak Friendship League, Slo. 2217.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Nov. 13, at 7.45 p.m. Mrs. Hedda Stevenson will speak on Student Life in Czechoslovakia. Chair Mr. Rank Shackleford. Adm. free. All welc.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Artur Schnabel—A Tribute." Illustrated lecture by Peter Brandenburger, Sun., Nov. 11, at 6 p.m. Visitors 1s.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "The Psychological Aspect of Modern Art." Lect. by Rene Shapshak (Johannesburg). Thurs., Nov. 15, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

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CAN Humanity Direct Evolution? Nov. 16-18, Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Discussion led by Dr. J. N. Glaister on the theme "Nature—if by that we mean blind and non-conscious forces—has, marvellously, produced man and consciousness; they must carry on the task to new results which she alone can never reach."—Julian Huxley, Preface to "Essays of a Biologist."

"INEQUALITIES in Marriage." Week-end Conference at Ellinwand, Haywards Heath, Fri., Nov. 16 (supper 7.30) to Sun., Nov. 18. Speakers: Ambrose Appelbe, Norman Haire, Joyce Martin, Robert S. W. Pollard, Betty Schorr. £2 2s. 6d. (£1 7s. 6d. from Sat. after lunch). Organised by the Psi Point Group, 45c Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Park Garden Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.